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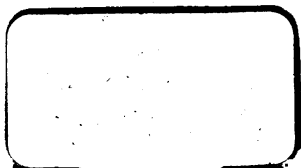


Contentment better than wealth

Alice Bradley Haven

R22

Juvenile literature -
Fiction, American



NAS

Haven

CONTENTMENT
is
Better Than
Wealth.



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NEW YORK



CONTENTMENT
BETTER
THAN WEALTH.

BY

Haven
ALICE B. NEAL,

(COUSIN ALICE,)

AUTHOR OF "NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL," ETC., ETC.

NEW-YORK:
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PREFACE.

My little cousins will perhaps remember that when the "Children's Journey" was written, I promised them there should be more Home Books, if they liked the first, "No Such Word As Fail."

That was at last Christmas; and when I saw it in the blue and silver cover Mr. Appleton had given it, among the gifts that some of you received, I was very curious to hear your opinions. Some wished to know if it was "a true story," others wished me to tell them more about Robert and Eddy, and how Miss Lily's lessons were learned at school, or if she always minded her mother at home. I saw the blue cover on one Christmas tree, that I think it would interest you to hear about.

It was a great many hundred miles from Philadelphia, where the story was written; and though

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Christmas Eve, it was warm and bright, as it often is at the south in December. Some ladies came for me to visit the "Church Home," a large house where several little orphan girls were living, under their kind and pleasant care. I saw the clean little beds of the children, side by side, some of them, and then their gardens as neat as they could be kept, and by no means empty, though it was December. They seemed very happy, and chatted with us about Christmas, and the pleasant day it would be; but I thought "poor lonely little children, with no father or mother to make home bright for them."

But presently we were called into the house, and the parlor doors, which had till now been closed mysteriously, were opened, and there was a beautiful Christmas Tree! quite as beautiful as any you had, I dare say, though perhaps not as costly, all prepared by these kind ladies!

Several fine dolls were seated in its shade, having a nice sociable chat apparently, while fruit and flowers hung at a most convenient distance from the drooping boughs; and there was a tippet for every one, and work-boxes, and baskets, and books, all labelled with the owners' names. The little girls came in very cautiously, as if they did not quite understand how a tree could be on fire and not burn up. They

did not see the tapers at first. Then they began to point out the pretty gifts to each other, and after a time spied some of the names as they came nearer and nearer. Then they began to comprehend that it was all for them! and such bursts of surprise and delight as we heard!

"Oh, Annie, there's a doll with my name on, and a dear little box with yours!" "And a tippet that says 'Ellen,' and there is another, Annette, and another, and another! I do believe there's one for every one of us."

"A work-box! just what I wanted!" And so the little creatures ran on as we watched them in their enjoyment.

Just before this we had gone to the large Orphan Home, where there were many more children, boys as well as girls. There was no Christmas Tree for them, and you should have seen the delight of one of the little fellows when his visitors produced some new books that a kind friend had sent him. As I looked on such scenes, I wondered if my little cousins valued the homes which Our Heavenly Father had provided for them as much as they should do, and how they could ever be fretful and discontented with a dear mother, and father, and brothers, and sisters around them.

So I decided to let my next story be a lesson of contentment; for a fretful and repining spirit makes the wealthiest home unhappy, while cheerfulness and patience, which unite in "content," brighten the lowliest ways.

And now I must commend my little English friends, with their trials and their sorrows, to your love and consideration, asking a cordial welcome for them in their new home; hoping at the same time they will serve to keep Cousin Alice in your remembrance.

PHILADELPHIA, 1852.

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Contentment better than Wealth.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST SORROW.

"PLEASE, nurse, will you not let me go to mamma's dressing-room? I will be very good, and not tease her. Poor mamma, she has cried so much; may I go, nurse?"

"Poor children, as well as poor mamma," said the good woman, brushing the tangled waves of the little girl's hair. "She has good reason to cry, my darlings, if she knows the worst. If you will be very quiet, Miss Ella, and not say a word to her, unless she speaks to you, and come away the very moment she seems tired."

"Can Theodore go with me?" the child said, taking the hand of her twin brother, who had been at play with her in the nursery.

Nurse Long hesitated a moment, and then

bade them both go, but very softly, and to mind all her instructions.

Ella smoothed down the folds of her black dress to be tidy, as she had often seen nurse do. It was very sad to see such a little child in so deep a mourning garb. There was nothing white to relieve the sombre outline, the bombazine dress fitting closely to her white throat. It made her appear more fragile than she really was, with her large gray eyes, and the waves of her pale brown hair. Her features were almost too delicate for beauty, while Theodore on the contrary had a round rosy face, distinguished by the merriment of his dark eyes, and the nut-brown curls that *would* fall over his face when at play. Ella almost seemed to glide through the long halls, her step was so light, and the rich carpets did not echo a footfall. She knocked softly at the door of her mamma's dressing-room, but no answer came; and then with almost a woman's tact and delicacy, thinking she heard a faint response, she motioned Theodore to wait a moment, while she passed gently in.

The room was quite dark, the outside shutters being closed, although it was twelve o'clock, and the

heavy damask curtains let down to the floor. But Ella thriddled her way carefully through tables, and cabinets, and chairs, until she reached her mamma's sofa near the fire. Mrs. Greville was wrapped in a white dressing-gown, her face covered by one of the flowing sleeves, as if she had thrown her arm over the pillows to shut out even the fire light. But Ella saw that she was not asleep, for she sobbed now and then as a child might have done who has cried bitterly ; a long grieving sob. Something like a gold medallion glittered in her other hand, and the broad black ribbon attached to it was thrown around her neck. Ella knew it was her papa's miniature, for she had often seen it before. She knelt down by her mother's side, and taking the hand and miniature in her own, kissed both.

"My poor darling ! is that you ?" was all Mrs. Greville said, and then she began to weep afresh.

Ella wanted to comfort her mamma, but she did not know what to say ; so she only stroked back the hair from her forehead, as she had seen her papa do sometimes, and kissed the tear-stained face, that was now uncovered.

By and by Mrs. Greville grew more composed, and returned these gentle caresses, still looking mournfully into the sweet childish face raised to hers.

"I am very glad to come to you again, mamma. It's three whole days now, since nurse said you did not want to see us. It's been such a long time—such a *very* long time, and Theodore and I have played together in the nursery, and nurse told us stories when she put us in bed, and says I must not ask for papa. But you will let me—when will he come home?"

"Never again, my child!—never—*never*!"

"But has he gone so far—so very far off—can't I go and see him?"

Mrs. Greville could not speak of *death* to that innocent questioner. It opened all her own sorrow afresh to think of it. It made her realize more keenly than ever, how desolate she had become; desolate, indeed, without father, mother, brother, or sister, and the husband who had been her all in life was now taken. To whom could she turn, as a guide to these fatherless children, for a comforter in her great loneliness? Alas! her heart was yet too rebellious to feel that it was a

Father's hand, that had bereft her of all earthly aids.

For nearly two weeks, she had been struggling without comfort with this bitter repining. At first she prayed to be taken too. She could not see that she had any thing left to make life happy. The wealth and luxury that surrounded her, while so many were suffering want, did not bring a thankful thought to her mind. She would not see her children, for Arthur was so like his father—and her little ones she knew would ask for him. The very sunshine was shut out from the gloomy room in which she lay day after day, scarcely changing her position ; her face covered, listening only to her murmuring heart. She seemed so utterly helpless and prostrated, that faithful Nurse Long sometimes almost dreaded lest she would never recover from the shock.

Captain Greville died very suddenly ; away from home. This had made it so hard to bear. The news came like a stroke, and the wife who would have thought it comfort to watch by his bedside, could only weep over the lifeless form, when it was brought to the home lately so happy. They had been married fifteen years. It was ten

since he had resigned his commission in the English army, and settled with his family at Bath. Mrs. Greville had been an orphan heiress, accustomed from her childhood to all that wealth could command, and needing only love. At first they had been very happy in each other's society, but of late fashion and gayety had somewhat separated them; Captain Greville indulging himself with the finest horses and dogs that could be found. His accomplished wife was the centre of a brilliant circle, that knew no bounds but taste and elegance in their expenditures. When at home with their beautiful children, they were still happy, but those quiet evenings were rare; and the children were left more and more to the kind offices of Nurse Long.

But now he was gone for ever, and all the early love came back to the heart of his lonely widow, with a crushed and helpless sorrow which she could not shake off.

The child prattled on, thinking in her way to amuse the beautiful mamma she loved so dearly. Mrs. Greville had always seemed like some fairy Ella had heard about, when she came into the nursery for a moment, dressed for a ball or party,

in her lace and jewels. Ella was never weary of admiring the rich silks and shining bracelets which she wore ; and the mother, proud of her child's beauty, used sometimes in sport to clasp the brilliant necklace around her slender waist, and call her a little queen. But it was nurse who tended her through the long fever, and who heard her prayers and hymns, and sat by her side when she went to sleep. Ella sometimes wished her beautiful mamma would find time to do so.

"Theodore and me have been very good all this week, mamma, and minded all nurse said, because we knew you were sick. We thought it would please you. I wish you would talk sometimes to us as nurse does, about being good, and pleasing our FATHER up in Heaven, who loves us so much. HE must love *you* a great deal, I think ; we are naughty sometimes, but you never are naughty. Does He love you a *great deal* better than us ? Do I tease you, mamma ?"

"No, darling," Mrs. Greville said very faintly ; but the child's words had brought new thoughts to her mind.

"Nurse said I must not tease you, and I was afraid Theodore would make a noise, so I left him

at the door, and he's gone away now. Theodore cannot walk as softly as I can, for he has shoes—and I have nice little slippers ; see mamma !”

“ And what else does nurse tell you, Ella ?”

“ Oh, a great deal,—she always talks to us about good things, while we undress ; and then Theodore says his prayers first, and then I do ; and nurse teaches me to ask God to bless ‘ dear mamma, and—my brothers, and all the people in the world.’ I used to say ‘ dear papa ’ first, but nurse told me, since papa went away, not to say that any more, for I had no father but God now, and He was more my father than ever ? Is not that very nice ? And He is your Father, too, and will take care of us all, nurse says ; and I know it's true, for she read it out of the Bible to us. So now we say, ‘ *Our Father who art in Heaven, the father of the fatherless—*’ ”

The child unconsciously clasped her hands, and looked up reverently, as she had been taught to do when kneeling. Mrs. Greville did not speak for a long time, but she folded Ella's little hands in her own, and the tears ran lightly from her closed eyes. All the comforting of friends had failed to soften her heart, but these simple childish words awakened better feelings.

"I beg your pardon, madam, for disturbing you," some one said coming in, while Ella still nestled close to her mamma. It was Mrs. Greville's maid, Jane, and she looked as if something disturbed her.

"Mr. Edward Greville has come, and sends his compliments to know how you are."

"Better—yes—better, Jane, but I cannot see him to-day, I cannot see any one—to-morrow, perhaps, or next week."

"But he says he must see you to-day, madam; he has called every morning this week, and he has something important to say to you."

A troubled expression passed over Mrs. Greville's face, but she seemed stronger than usual, and raised herself upon the pile of pillows.

"Perhaps it is best," she said, as if to herself. "Show him up, Jane, give me a shawl; Ella, darling child, kiss your mamma—put both your arms around my neck, so, and so; there, go now, but you must come to me again before bedtime; and bring Theodore with you."

Ella was very happy to see her mamma so much better, and hear her speak so fondly to her. She ran quickly through the hall, for she was

afraid of meeting her uncle Edward. None of the children liked him; he was tall and stern, and, even when he was talking to them, seemed to be thinking of something else. But she heard the drawing-room door open and his heavy tread upon the stairs, so she slipped into the library, thinking to wait until he had passed. Her two oldest brothers were there. Arthur was reading in the window-seat, and George, who was twelve years old, was trying to draw from an engraving he had selected from the large portfolio beside him. Ella was very fond of her brother Arthur; George sometimes teased her, and called her baby, or wanted her to be his pony, and have a bit in her mouth; but Arthur was always kind and gentle, and told her stories more wonderful than the nurse knew.

He put down his book as soon as she came in, and took her up on his knee. Arthur was fourteen, and being so much older than the rest, and so fond of study, he always seemed grave and wise. Ella began to tell him about her visit to the dressing-room, and then Arthur looked sadder than before, as he leaned his head upon his hands and said—"Poor mamma!"

After a little while, Jane opened the door ; but she had not come for Ella, as the boys supposed ; it was Arthur who was wanted in his mamma's room.

The lad followed the servant with beating heart. He could not tell why, but it seemed as if some new misfortune had happened ; and then he dreaded almost as much as Ella the presence of their stern uncle.

Mr. Edward Greville stood by the fire, with his hands folded behind him, but he took no notice of the boy's entrance. "It is a painful duty, Eleanor," he said, as if finishing a sentence, "and one I did not at all relish, but I had rather you would hear it from me than your lawyer. My brother did not see fit to take my advice—he never did—and I knew for the last five years that he was living far beyond his means. *You* ought to have known it ; but what with your balls and parties, and London seasons, and his—"

"Hush," said Mrs. Greville, beseechingly, pointing towards Arthur ; but his uncle went on. "Arthur must know, sooner or later, that it was his father's extravagance that has made him a beggar. Your money, too, is all gone. I find my brother had gone up to London to insure his life, for your

benefit—it was all he could do. He had made application, but the papers were not signed when he was taken sick. So you are cut out of that ten thousand pounds. If he had chosen to let *me* invest his money, as I proposed, and drawn only the interest, he would not have left his family on the hands of his relatives. As it is, we must make the best of it.”

“Arthur’s children shall never be unwelcome dependents,” Mrs. Greville said, proudly. The curtain was drawn back now, and her son saw a red glow on the pale cheek, as he came towards her.

“Very fine, very fine,” Mr. Edward Greville returned, turning to push back a fallen brand with the toe of his highly-polished boot. “That’s what **HE** ought to have looked out for—I always told him so—I always said to myself when I came here, some time *I* shall have all these children thrown on my hands! *I* shall have to pay for these velvet carpets and French mirrors. That’s the way of the world, though. Honest people have to reap the trouble your spendthrift sows!”

“My father was not a spendthrift!” Arthur said, indignantly, his anger for his father’s memory, and his mother’s humiliation, driving away all fear of his uncle.

"Arthur, my son!" Mrs. Greville said in terror, for she saw the storm rising in the face of her brother-in-law.

"Giving me the lie! eh, you young dog! This is some of that spirit that's got to be brought down; low enough, too, before we get through with it, I expect. Spendthrift or not, your father left you all beggars, and there's nobody but me to look to for bread to put in your mouths." Mr. Edward Greville seemed to have lost all self-command; he was easily moved, and like all violent men, when he was angry, stopped at nothing. He had envied his brother's good fortune; his wife, a sordid woman, who had helped him gather the riches he at last possessed, had always been jealous of Mrs. Greville's beauty and position. Unnatural as it may seem, they both triumphed in the humiliation of his family.

Arthur had all his father's spirit, as well as his name and features. He forgot how wrong it was to speak so to a person so much older than himself; he was stung by this repeated insult.

"I would starve—and my mother, too, sir—before we would come to you for bread!"

Mrs. Greville stood up and laid her hand on

the boy's shoulder ; his slight frame was quivering with excitement.

" You must not forget that this is your father's brother," she said, " though these taunts would almost make me do so. Will you leave us, Mr Greville—I must think—I do not know what to do or say ; but Arthur must not hear his father's memory reproached. You meant to be kind, I do not doubt. Please go now ; Arthur, my dear son, be calmer."

One hour had wrought a wonderful change in Mrs. Greville. You could see it as she stood up by the side of Arthur, and wound her arm about him. Both stood supporting each other, and confronting that cold, harsh man with proud dignity.

" You'll be glad enough to send for me again," he said, turning on his heel to leave the room. " Glad enough, madam, with all your Churchill pride ; and, my young sir, we'll have a reckoning for this some day. I shall see you begging for the very crumbs from my table yet."

He flung the door to with violence, and they heard him stride down the passage. Arthur laid his head on his mother's shoulder and sobbed like a girl, now that the excitement was over. His

mother's weakness did not return. She soothed him tenderly, as she had never done before; he seemed so much dearer to her than he had ever been. A friend, a champion, and yet her son—her eldest born.

"Sit down on the sofa by me, Arthur," Mrs. Greville said, "and help me to think and understand the extent of our misfortunes. Your uncle says we have nothing left—that this very house is not ours. It almost stunned me at first, and I sent for you to help me comprehend it. I almost wish you had not come; it was very hard for you to hear your father's memory assailed so. I cannot blame you for feeling as you did. Yet what will be the consequence? Your uncle is the only near relative you have. I do not know of a single person among your father's friends or mine, except Mr. Anthon—George is named from him, you know—to whom I can apply for assistance. He has always professed the greatest friendship for us."

"But, mamma, you have so many friends that come to see you, I am sure they will not let you want."

"So many *acquaintances*, Arthur! You will find, my poor child, that there is a great difference

between the two. I have already done so. But I do not wish to show you the selfishness and hollowness of society before the time to prove it comes. It is better to trust than to be suspicious. I think I had better write to Mr. Anthon at once."

"Do, mamma—I am surè he will tell us what is best;" and the boy's cheerfulness rose in a moment. Depression is not natural so early in life; and Arthur, little comprehending the result of what he had that morning heard, went back to the library, and left his mother to the task. But not until he had himself arranged the writing-desk for her, and had been rewarded by the first smile he had seen on his mother's face since the news of Capt. Greville's death arrived.

CHAPTER II.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

LITTLE Ella was sadly disappointed that her mamma could not see her again in the evening; but nurse told her Mrs. Greville was writing, and could not be disturbed, as indeed she was, until long after the children were asleep. Some of my little cousins may think it strange that they were separated so much from their mother; but in England, where my story commences, it is very often so. There is the nursery, and the nursery governess, and for a long time they are never seen down stairs in the parlor, or drawing-room, as it is called. Their parents visit them in the nursery and school-room, or they go to their mother's dressing room. This is among rich and fashionable people, and is a fashion, I am sorry to say, which

is growing more general in the large cities of our own country every day.

Children are left to the care of servants just as they begin to think for themselves, and ask a great many questions. Now, it often happens that servants are ignorant, and give very strange answers, which the children think right, and they often go on in life with these wrong impressions uncorrected. Besides, all servants are not like Nurse Long, excellent religious persons, who teach the children good and holy things. Yet kind as nurse was, Ella often wished for her mamma, and had often cried to stay with her when she was a little creature. Mrs. Greville was fond of her children, but had never found *time* to be with them much. Every day had its engagements of riding, walking or visiting, and often the carriage would be announced when she was just in the midst of some game or tale with which she was amusing them. Then she would look at her watch and say, "Dear me! I had no idea it was so late!"—and be gone in a moment.

But Ella and Theodore were made very happy the next morning, by being taken to the breakfast-room, and finding Mrs. Greville there; the first

time she had been down. They hardly knew her at first in her black dress, for she was thin and pale, and her beautiful hair was put back, and covered up under a close cap. But she seemed a great deal better, and had chairs placed for them on each side of her. Arthur and George sat in their own places, for they had taken breakfast with their mamma a long time. Mrs. Greville's eyes looked sad when they first rested on the vacant place opposite to her, and Arthur seemed to understand it, for he grew sorrowful too. But the children chatted away, over their bread and milk, and were happier than ever when they found they were not to be hurried away the moment breakfast was over, but could stay with their mamma all the morning.

The next day Mrs. Greville came down earlier than before. She looked restless and haggard, as if she had not slept well, Arthur thought, when she kissed him affectionately.

"What book have you, my son?" she said, as they stood together by the window, where Arthur had been reading.

"Six Months in the United States."

"I have always thought I should like to see America."

"Have you, mamma?" Arthur answered joyfully. "Oh, I always intended to ask—I mean I thought when I left Oxford, perhaps I should be allowed to go there, instead of to the Continent. I have read a great deal about the United States, and when Mr. Anthon came home from New-York, I made him tell me all about it. He said it was something like London, only not half so large, nor a quarter; but there were not so many poor people as in England, for there was room enough for all, and work for all. Do you think I can go, when I have graduated?"

"I am afraid, Arthur, we shall not be able to afford the expense of a university education now. I hope it is not as bad as your uncle thinks; but at any rate we shall be obliged to live very plainly—very differently from this."

"Are we not going to stay in Waterloo Terrace, mamma? Must we give up this house, where we have always lived?"

"I am afraid so, Arthur; and what is more that we must work as well as save."

Poverty was but a vague name to Arthur, who had been accustomed to wealth from his cradle. He owned a fine pony himself; and even some

valuable books and pictures, that he had purchased from the liberal allowance his father had given him.

“Work for our living, mamma? Why look at your little white hands! What could *you* do?”

Arthur's exclamation was very natural. The soft white hands of Mrs. Greville, which had now but her wedding-ring, and a plain black guard, did not look as if they could accomplish a great deal.

Mrs. Greville only sighed.

“Mamma,” said Arthur, with sudden energy, taking up his book again, “promise me one thing, if ever we do have to work, let us go to America, and work there. I should not like to live any where in England, but in papa's own house,—and then Uncle Edward, mamma,—oh, there are a great many reasons why!”

But before Mrs. Greville could answer, the children, who had been out for a walk with nurse, came in, their faces rosy with exercise, all smiles and exclamations. Their mamma forgot her anxiety for the postman, which had brought her down so early,—in listening to them; and when the letters came, she scarcely dared to open them.

There were three for her. One she recognized as Mr. Anthon's hand, the next had Mr. Edward Greville's cipher on the seal. The third was in a brown envelope, and directed in a quick, hurried style.

Mrs. Greville beckoned Arthur to follow her to the dressing-room, as she went to open these letters.

"You are my adviser now, my son," said she, "the protector of your mother and the little ones. Perhaps your uncle may be mistaken; but Mr. Anthon is very kind to write so soon; by return of mail, see."

But Mr. Anthon's kindness was not what Mrs. Greville had expected, when she read the letter aloud with faltering voice.

Nutting Hall, April 16th.

DEAR MADAM,

Yours of yesterday reached me with the morning's mail. The contents were scarcely more than I expected from what I knew of poor Greville's affairs. From the intimacy that existed between us, I shall always feel an interest in the prosperity of yourself and family. To prove this,

should there be absolutely nothing left, I will take your son George (named for me) into my counting-house. I hope he's not above business, as I never have been, though a landed proprietor.

I have the honor, dear Madam,

To be yours respectfully,

GEORGE EUSTACE ANTHON.

And this was the brief response to the long, long letter Mrs. Greville had sent, detailing all her unhappy situation, and her need of an adviser! Yet it was not a week since she had received a letter of condolence, written as this was, on letter-paper edged with black, and secured with a large black seal—a letter in which he had spoken of the long and intimate friendship that had existed between her husband and himself, with every proffer of service. Short-sighted Mr. Anthon! he had not expected to be called on so soon to prove his friendship at the expense of his ease and comfort.

Arthur looked very blank.

“But see what Uncle Edward says, mamma. Perhaps he was angry yesterday, or only wanted to frighten us.”

There was very little comfort in Mr. Edward Greville's letter. It was almost as short as Mr. Anthon's; evidently written in the angry mood in which he had parted from them. It contained an assurance of their loss, and an insulting offer of assistance; at least Arthur considered it so, for the hot blood mounted to his face as his mother closed the letter with a heavy heart.

The business note remained. It was from Mr. Grigg, Captain Greville's lawyer and man of business, who as briefly as possible, said it would be necessary to communicate with Mrs. Greville at once, and if it suited her, he would call at Waterloo Terrace, that very morning precisely at eleven.

"It is almost eleven now, mamma," Arthur said, glancing at the pretty French musical clock that stood on the mantel.

"I hope he will come, Arthur. I am glad we are to have no suspense, I would rather know the worst at once."

Mrs. Greville, as she spoke, seemed a very different person from the fragile, helpless woman, who had lain in that very room nursing her grief but two days before. Her figure was drawn up

to its full height, perhaps with the Churchill pride Mr. Greville had spoken of. At any rate, her face expressed thoughtfulness and energy, as if the shock had called out traits of character, hidden in prosperity or weak repining.

Mr. Grigg was punctual to the minute, and Mrs. Greville went down to the library to meet him, telling Arthur to follow her in the course of half an hour.

‘As the eldest son,’ she said, ‘this business concerns you almost as much as myself.’

Mr. Grigg stood warming first one hand, and then the other, as she entered. He carried a green bag, apparently full of papers, and had a quick bustling manner.

“Mrs. Greville, I presume,” he said, as she came slowly forward. “Never had the pleasure—your late lamented husband—who would have expected—sit down, my dear madam, sit down;” and he placed a chair, while he looked at his client over the tops of his spectacles, from under a pair of bushy gray eyebrows.

Mrs. Greville soon felt that under all this abruptness, there was a kind and generous heart. She suspected, indeed, that the manner was assumed

only to hide it. He tried to spare her feelings as much as possible in what he had to say, but it was a plain story soon told ; that nothing but the furniture of the house, with her own wardrobe and valuables would remain to the widow and the children, when all their debts were discharged.

“Bad business—*wretched* business, madam ;” Mr. Grigg said, as Mrs. Greville sat silently before him, covering her face with her hands,—looking from her to Arthur, who had just entered. “Not so much my client’s fault as his misfortune, madam. Liberal—high-spirited—must live like a prince—hadn’t courage to look into matters in time—frightened when he did. Plenty of friends, however—one comfort—never will let his wife and children suffer.”

“*I have no friends !*” Mrs. Greville almost groaned.

“Don’t give way—I beg—I must *entreat*, madam. Look trouble in the face, always, that’s my principle—not half so hard as to sit dreading you don’t know what. If I could advise—” but here Mr. Grigg paused, he felt that he was going beyond his duty as a lawyer.

“Do, advise me—I’ve no one to turn to, but

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my children ;” and then Mrs. Greville, usually so reserved, poured forth all her troubles and perplexities to a person, an entire stranger to her, an hour ago. There was something in his voice, in his eyes, despite his assumed roughness of manner, that gave her confidence in Mr. Grigg, and she was so utterly alone, that she was grateful for any sympathy.

Mr. Grigg listened with real interest. He was a man of sound good sense, the very one for a counsellor. So it sometimes happens, that though friends we have relied on desert us, we find others when least expected.

“Your son here,” said Mr. Grigg, when she had finished,—“fine fellow—like his father, very,—will be a great comfort to you, madam, and help ;—soon be old enough to take care of his brothers and sisters. Looks as if he knew a thing or two now, eh, my lad ?” and then Mr. Grigg came to his advice in good earnest ; which was to sell their furniture, jewels, etc., and sink the sum thus obtained into a life-annuity. That is, give it all to some person who would pay back Mrs. Greville a certain sum a year as long as she lived. Mr. Grigg advised this, because she would

probably get more than if it was put at interest in any other way ; or otherwise she might spend the whole at once, and have nothing left to draw upon if sickness or other misfortunes should overtake them. It might bring enough to pay a small rent, and for the rest—here Mr. Grigg paused in some embarrassment.

“It’s no use mincing matters, as I said before ;” he went on speaking more quickly. “You say you will not be dependent on Mr. Edward Greville, and can’t have your children separated. Very good—only—people can’t live on air—must work, or can’t eat, eh, Mr. Arthur ?”

“Yes, sir,” said Arthur, very much troubled.

“Teaching, now, Mrs. Greville—excuse me, madam—must be plain. French say, or music—hear you are a fine performer—music class—the very thing.”

So it seemed to Mr. Grigg, familiar with the idea of labor all his life ; but poor Mrs. Greville, who had been accustomed only to the labor of others for her happiness and pleasure—how would she bear it ?

Bravely, as such women often do. Mr. Grigg had suggested the first plan in her chaos of doubt

and fear. It is true she knew little of toil—the amount of remuneration she could only guess at from the bills of her own masters, the most extravagant London could furnish. Of course there was nothing but mercantile life open to Arthur; a drudgery of many years before he could hope to be of much use.

“I’ve read, that in America apprenticeships are not so long,” Arthur said; “and boys younger than I earn a great deal.”

“Arthur has quite an idea of emigrating,” Mrs. Greville added, almost cheerfully.

“Just the lad to think about a new country—so I should say,” and Mr. Grigg turned suddenly to Arthur. All his movements were quick, and his words were jerked out as though time was of too much importance to be wasted in long sentences. “Why not, madam? no family ties—wide country—should emigrate, myself, but practice—practice ties me down. Begin the world over again?—go in a minute, that I would, in a *minute*, madam!”—and Mr. Grigg brought his hand with such emphasis on the library table, that sundry papers and pamphlets were sent flying to the floor.

“Think it over—talk it over, both of you—see you again in a day or two—few papers to sign,—might be of use to you in making arrangements. Command me at any moment—quite at your service—time is money ;” and Mr. Grigg collected his papers, rang the bell himself, and was gone in a moment.

CHAPTER III.

PLANS AND PROSPECTS.

Mrs. Greville found no time in the weeks that followed to relapse into gloom, even though she had wished to do so. There was a great deal to be done ; and by Mr. Grigg's management, much of this came to Mrs. Greville's share. No will was found, as her husband's death was so sudden, and the widow declined any offer of assistance from his brother. She shrank from hearing his reproaches again, and Mr. Grigg gave her all the advice she needed.

If "time was money" with him, this excellent man found a great deal to bestow on his new acquaintances. He knew from experience that Mrs. Greville would be better for constant employment. Our troubles seem twice as great when we have

nothing to do but sit down and think about them. Besides this never does any good. So Mr. Grigg suggested it would be best to part with some of the servants at once, for since there was no company there were not so many needed. Nurse Long had a great deal more to attend to; and Louisa, her assistant, was discharged—not, however, without a great many tears and exclamations, at parting from “the blessed children, her blessed darlings,” as she called them.

The children were not so much troubled as they would have been, had not Mrs. Greville taken so much care of them. *Their little beds were put in her room, and assisted by nurse, she dressed them every morning, and heard their prayers. They seemed to understand that Captain Greville would not come back, but they still liked to talk of “dear papa,” and all his love and kindness.

There were a great many papers to read, and accounts to settle. Here Arthur assisted his mother a great deal, for he was very quick at figures; and Mr. Grigg praised him for his neatness and accuracy. It was just as the lawyer had said; the furniture and horses were all that was left, when the last bill was paid.

And now there was the catalogue or inventory to make out for the sale, which was fixed for the last of May. The pictures, the library, the elegant drawing-room furniture, were very valuable ; and Mrs. Greville even thought it best to sell some fine diamond ear-rings and a bracelet, that had been her own mother's. At first she hesitated about the brooch, but that was sent to London too, with many other ornaments, that she said she never would wear again, even if she had kept them. Her husband's miniature, and a few keepsakes, valuable only for the associations connected with them, were all that remained from the once well-filled jewel boxes upon her dressing-table.

It was a sadder task to go over the house with Arthur, and make out a list of the articles, that had been her own so long, but must now go to strangers. The books her husband had read to her in the early days of their marriage, the pictures he had liked, were the hardest of all to give up.

All mortification at their altered circumstances seemed to be lost in this real grief, and her anxiety about the future. Every day for the first few weeks, there were cards of condolence left for

Mrs. Greville, but she saw no one ; and after it became known in Bath, that the family had been left so poor, the gay friends of their prosperity said, " Poor things !" and seemed to forget all about them.

The day of the sale came at length. Mr. Grigg most kindly invited Mrs. Greville to pass it at his country-house, not far from town ; but she thought it would be harder still to return to the empty house in the evening. So George and the little ones went away in the carriage that brought Mr. Grigg very early, leaving this good friend with Arthur and his mother. They had retired to what was once the nursery, soon to be filled with other children. As it was at the back of the house, they could not see the crowd that gathered in carriages and on foot ; but they heard footsteps and voices sounding through the halls, as people went from room to room.

Early in the morning they had gone over the house to see that all was quite ready, and to take a farewell of the beautiful things that had once been theirs. The rich curtains of the drawing-room were looped back, to show every thing to the best advantage. The cases taken from the satin

and damask-covered furniture, the long mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling reflected the bright gilding of the chandeliers and picture-frames, the busts that stood on their white marble pedestals, the curious bronze ornaments of the mantels. And there was the dining-room with its heavy furniture, the buffet of oak, the panels carved to represent strings of game and fish ; and the heavy cornice a wreath of flowers and fruits. The dining-tables, around which elegant parties had so often gathered, were filled with rich china and silver, all displayed for the sale ; and it was hard to think that the very people they had entertained would soon be talking about them, and the extravagance that had made the sale necessary.

Arthur had begged for some of his father's favorite pictures, and so did George, who had great taste in drawing already. But they were all valuable, and besides they might not even have a place for them in their new home. A few books were all the mementoes Mrs. Greville selected though often sorely tempted to lay aside things she valued as the gifts of her husband, or selected by him to please her taste. The children had their own little library, and Arthur was allowed

to select from his father's a few volumes that would be really valuable to him.

The greatest trial of all was, when Mrs. Greville uncovered for the last time her harp and piano. She drew her hand across the strings instinctively, but they gave forth a wailing, melancholy music ; and though she had been very brave through all, she bowed her head upon the instrument, as if it were a dear friend she could not part with. Arthur stood by in silence. He did not know what comfort to offer, but the sadness of his mother's face at that moment was long printed on his memory.

Mr. Grigg had advised the sale of these also. It was true they would be useful to Mrs. Greville in her new vocation, for she had decided to teach music ; but plainer instruments would do as well as these so elegantly ornamented, and the cost of transportation would be so great to their new home.

Their "new home ?" Yes, for it was at length decided that they were to go to *America*.

Arthur's boyish imagination and desire to see new countries, had been the slight commencement of all their plans. Mr. Grigg had been in favor

of it from the first, and Mrs. Greville gradually came to see that it would be best. Mr. Grigg had correspondents in New-York, to whom he would give them letters of introduction ; and Mrs. Greville felt that it would not be so hard to begin the world under altered circumstances, away from all her early associations. So at last, after much planning and talking, it was decided.

It was perhaps as well that they had so great a subject of interest to talk about through the day ; when strangers were thronging through the house, often past the very door. Sometimes they heard Mr. Grigg's quick tread, and rough though kindly voice in the passage. It was a comfort to know there was some one who had their interest at heart, attending to the sale—a friend who would not see them wronged. As it grew later and the shadows lengthened, the mother and son drew nearer to each other, as they sat by the glowing grate, and once more spoke of Mr. Edward Greville.

“ I'm sure Mr. Grigg is much more like an uncle, mamma, if he *was* only papa's man of business, and never saw us before. To think of his ordering the luncheon himself this noon, because he thought Thomas might forget it, and you would

not like to cross the hall ; it's such little things that show what a kind heart he has—but then we owe him so much. I hope Uncle Edward won't even know where we are going ; I'm sorry he is papa's brother—I'm sure they never could have been alike."

Just then the handle of the door turned, and voices were heard in the passage.

"I don't think this room was included in the sale," some one said.

Arthur sprung forward to prevent the intrusion, but he was too late ; the door opened, and Mr. Edward Greville himself, accompanied by Mr. Anthon, were recognized. It was a most uncomfortable meeting for all parties. The gentlemen looked confused, and Mrs. Greville trembled ; for a moment they hesitated whether to advance or retreat, but Mr. Anthon bowed, and said something about "Not intending to intrude ; had ridden over to secure a favorite picture—supposed she had left ;"—and then Mr. Greville came forward with him, and the door was shut.

"You have done a very sensible thing," he said. He hoped in his heart that the sale had been as humiliating to Mrs. Greville, as it had

been mortifying to him, to have it so publicly known that his brother had died insolvent. "Going to London, I hear—worst thing in the world. You will waste every cent, mark my words, and come back upon me after all."

"We shall *never* come to you for assistance, sir," Arthur said, not angrily but firmly. "We are not too proud to work, mamma and I; but we *are* too proud to be dependent."

"Try it, my young Hotspur, try it; that's all I can say. I wash *my* hands of the business, since you choose to decline my assistance so graciously."

"Assistance," echoed Mr. Anthon. "I understand from your letter, madam, that your son George does not fancy the counting-house. I wish the young gentleman and you, madam, success wherever you go. My friendship for their late father, who was—"

"A reckless spendthrift," muttered Mr. Greville—fortunately so low that Arthur could not distinguish it.

"A most devoted friend himself," said Mrs. Greville, filling up the uncomfortable pause; "and a generous, unselfish man. His children are left

to me, and I do not despair. I thank you for your good wishes."

The gentlemen turned to go.

"Edward, one moment," Mrs. Greville said, detaining her brother-in-law, as Mr. Anthon passed out first—"We may not meet again for many years; and I cannot forget you are poor Arthur's only near relative. If Arthur or myself have offended you, think of our many trials. Remember us kindly, Edward—"

Mr. Greville faltered a moment before her gentle voice and pleading look, but Mr. Grigg's voice was heard approaching, and his face darkened again.

"You have seen fit to forget our relationship, and trust all your plans to a pitiful lawyer; since you choose strangers, go to them, and find out how much they are worth at your leisure." He shook off her hand as it rested on his arm, and was gone without one word of love or sympathy. But riches, and the love of them, had hardened his heart to the better feelings of our nature. It was a wretched parting.

Mr. Grigg had come to tell them that all was over. As they were to commence their journey

to London the next day, nothing would be removed until their departure. His thoughtful stipulation with the purchasers had saved them from seeing an empty home, and now they sat in the firelight and discussed their final plans. Mr. Grigg would go up to London with them. He had business of his own to attend to, and thus all present anxiety was spared. All the trouble of collecting, purchasing the annuity, and even securing their berths in the packet-ship, he could manage very well; but it was necessary for Mrs. Greville to wait in London a few days to sign some papers. The best thing of all was, that Nurse Long had decided to emigrate too. Mrs. Greville had told her that she could not afford to keep any maid, but nurse would not hear of being left behind in England, and had privately commissioned Mr. Grigg to pay her passage-money from the little saving-fund she had accumulated. This good news was reserved for the evening of the sale; for though nurse could not afford to live without wages, and even her board would be a consideration with Mrs. Greville, she would be in the same place with them and they could see her sometimes. All the children were delighted with

the arrangement, though they little dreamed what it would be to lack her services. Mrs. Greville felt that she could not be thankful enough, that she was to have her humble, but ever faithful friend, a sharer of her exile.

The children commenced their journey in fine spirits. Even George and Arthur were brightened by the prospect of so much novelty and adventure; but Mrs. Greville leaned back in the carriage as the lovely villas of Bath, her own home among them, were hidden in the distance. The world was all before these little ones, but to her life had no other brightness.

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

IN London ! with the unceasing roar and hum of the busy multitude about them !—Yet how unlike the London Arthur had so often pictured. They were far from the stately palaces and gay shops, in a retired and almost obscure lodging, such as suited their now humble means. Mr. Grigg had recommended the house to them, and the people were decent and obliging. But the rooms were low and old, and scantily furnished, as London lodging-houses often are. There was nothing to be seen from the windows, the heavy atmosphere obscuring houses as old and dingy as Mrs. Crump's, the name of their landlady. The only green thing in sight was a dwarfed and sickly elm in the little paved yard, that looked as if it

was struggling in vain against the smoky air and the lack of sunshine. Their grounds, and garden, and Mrs. Greville's conservatory, came often to their remembrance. Even Nurse Long said:—"She hoped they wouldn't have to stay, for Ella and Theodore would waste away, she knew, shut up in such a dismal place."

Arthur and George were the only ones who had any thing like enjoyment. They could be trusted with a guide-book, Mr. Grigg had given them, to wander about all the morning; and they saw many wonderful things. St. Paul's first of all—Arthur thought it would never do to go to America without seeing *that*—and the Tower, at least its frowning outer walls; and once Mr. Grigg found time to take them to the British Museum, where they saw too many strange things to think of remembering them all.

Thanks to Mr. Grigg, business progressed expeditiously. The sale had brought more than could be expected; and the annuity was purchased, reserving a sufficient sum for their passage, and to establish them in New-York, until Mrs. Greville and Arthur found employment. The papers were all signed—Mrs. Greville trusting

most implicitly to her new friend, who was not unworthy of all her confidence.

Indeed he refused any kind of remuneration for the trouble he had taken, when he was explaining affairs to Mrs. Greville, the morning before they started for Liverpool.

"But your own charge, Mr. Grigg? I do not see it, and I am sure it has not been arranged."

"Charge, indeed!" retorted Mr. Grigg, proceeding to sort and tie up the papers before him. "I thought you were a sensible woman, madam—always found you so before—only too happy to be of service."

"I shall never be able to thank you, sir."

"I ask for thanks—expect thanks? No, madam, not in the least—never do things in that fashion—thanks—gratitude—humbug!—as the Americans say!"

And so Mr. Grigg parted with them at the station in Euston Square, for he was to return to Bath that evening. The same kind and thoughtful friend to the last, taking off his hat and putting his head into the car-window to give Arthur the last directions for their embarkation, just as

the bell rang, and the train gave symptoms of moving. Then back again with a quick jerk, and a little flourish of the hand to Mrs. Greville; while Arthur held up Ella for a last glance.

If the children were delighted with their rapid railroad trip, their excitement was still greater at the thought of really going to sea; and in a ship, with real sailors.

"Perhaps we shall see a whale!" said Theodore to Ella, from his little bed at the foot of his mamma's, at the Liverpool hotel. "Wouldn't you be afraid, Ella?"

"But I should rather see the waves all on fire, or an iceberg," returned Ella, sitting up for very sleeplessness and excitement. "Whales must be so ugly!"

"I wonder if we shall pass India, where papa used to be, and all those curious things came from—don't you remember on the globe? and when we begin to *tip* down to America, I'm afraid I shall fall off the deck."

"Oh, Theo! how funny! and then we shall see Indians in America, and bears, and—"

"Come, come, Miss Ella, this 'll never do!"

Ella was startled at Nurse Long's sudden ap-

pearance, and took to her pillow again, very much disconcerted by this unlooked for interruption to her catalogue of American wonders, gathered indefinitely from pictures, story books, and Louisa's narratives. The under nurse, Louisa, had very limited ideas on all geographical matters. Notwithstanding they both protested they should not sleep till morning, there was soon good evidence to the contrary. Both were too tired to hold to such a resolution, when compelled to be quiet.

The children supposed that they were to embark on the ocean at once, and had very grand ideas of the ship lying out in the waves, and the nice row-boats that would take them to it. But Ella in particular was entirely disappointed in their embarkation; there was no ocean at all in sight, and the ship lay crowded with many others in one of the enormous docks, which line the river Mersey, on which Liverpool is situated. These docks seemed huge towers of solid masonry, and Theodore thought the ship would never be able to get out of one of them. It was a strange bustling scene, and one from which Mrs. Greville shrank. They had not been able to afford a passage by

steamer ; and Mr. Grigg had been advised to secure berths in a returning merchant-vessel, that could accommodate a few cabin-passengers ; but was principally fitted up for the better class of Scotch and Irish emigrants. At first Mrs. Greville did not like this, but there would be a saving of seventy dollars ; which was no trifle in her circumstances. Beside, their own accommodations were as comfortable as if they had gone in a more pretending packet.

The passengers were arriving in crowds, and the wharves were thronged with seamen, porters, draymen, and lookers-on of every description. Piles of boxes and chests were strewn around ; and oaths and shouts of those endeavoring to establish some order out of this confusion, resounded in every spoken language it seemed ; making a most uncomfortable Babel of sounds. And through all this they gained their ship, named the Christopher Columbus, the owners it may be, thus thinking to insure successful voyages.

The decks were scarcely less uncomfortable. Seamen were hurrying backwards and forwards, running against groups of emigrants, huddled together with their boxes and bundles. Their

friends almost doubled the number, bidding them noisy farewells, or sobbing aloud as they came back for the twentieth time, perhaps, for a last message. Poor Ella was greatly disappointed and confused. She had expected to see clean white decks, and the sails all set, as in pictures. This hubbub, and want of all neatness, troubled her, and she was very glad to go below, into the "nice cabin" nurse had told them about. But here was a fresh disappointment to the little ones; they thought the state-rooms were only closets at first, like the store-rooms at home, and that they should never be able to sleep in those little shelves of berths.

It was not a very pleasant prospect, it is true, to our young friends, accustomed to their large, light nursery, and neat beds. But Ella told Theodore that "Mamma and brother Arthur didn't make any fuss, and if such big people could sleep there they could." But they were glad to get on deck again, noisy as it was, after the confined air of the cabin.

As they had to wait for the tide, it was late in the afternoon before they dropped down the stream, past miles of warehouses, and docks, ris-

ing before them. The emigrants were still clustered on deck, although by the rules of the vessel they were not allowed to come where the cabin passengers stood. Ella thought they all looked sorrowful and uncomfortable, as indeed I suppose they did, as many of them were leaving their family and friends for ever. Mrs. Greville was almost thankful as she watched some of these sad partings, that this trouble at least was spared to her. *She* had all she loved around her.

It was a bright moonlight evening, and the children begged to remain on deck. So nurse brought them shawls and cloaks, and they gathered closer to Mrs. Greville, who knew that they might not be able to be out in the air again for several days. But at length Ella grew weary, and leaned so heavily on her mamma's arm that she knew she must be asleep, and the little group dispersed to their first sleep on shipboard.

Arthur, however, had little rest. The narrow berth seemed choking him, and if he fell into an uneasy sleep, the straining of cordage, or the tread of feet overhead, was sure to wake him again. So long as Mr. Grigg had been with them the charge had not seemed so great, but now he

was the sole protector of his mother and the children, and a thousand fears and doubts came into his mind. His head fairly ached with the many plans that came, one after the other, of their future life, and at last, thinking it must be daylight, though the cabin was still dark, he rose, and dressing quietly so as not to disturb George, found his way to the deck. He thought they were out at sea at first, for the light was still misty and indistinct, and he could see nothing of the ships that had come down the river beside them. The vessel rolled with a long undulating motion, and the clouds seemed like a close dark canopy above them, as if the sun was never to be visible again. But they were only near the mouth of the Mersey, which is, indeed, an arm of the sea, and the large buoys that now and then rose and disappeared in the waves beside them, served as guides to the ship's course. Only one other passenger had ventured on deck; a gentleman whose face and figure were almost entirely concealed in a boat cloak that was wrapt around him, for in this early morning the air was raw and chilly.

On the whole, it was a most depressing scene. The crew were busy washing down the decks,

looking half asleep, and miserable, for they had just come from their berths to relieve the other watch. The wind flapped the sails heavily, and as Arthur stood watching them, he heard a dismal, booming sound, like the tolling of a bell. He looked eagerly in the direction from which it came, but there was neither land nor ship in sight.

He thought it might be fancy—but no, there it came again, booming over the crested waves, and startling the still morning air. It seemed like a dirge, and Arthur, who had heard many strange stories of shipwreck and phantom ships, began to feel very uncomfortable.

“I suppose that is the celebrated bell buoy,” said the gentleman, for the first time uncovering his face, and seeming to notice him.

Arthur’s face brightened, though he never had heard of the bell buoy, and told the gentleman so, who very kindly explained to him that it was a kind of alarm bell fastened on the rocks, as a warning to seamen, and tolled by the motion of the waves. When there was a storm it rang loud and fast, as the waves beat over it, but in this more quiet sea it had only a booming, melancholy sound, mingling with the rush of the vessel through

the water. The gentleman did not speak again, and Arthur listened and looked with a very sad heart. But the mist began to fall in fine, penetrating showers, and the rising wind gave token of a stormy first day at sea, so that by the time it was fairly light, Arthur was glad to go below. He was wet, and cold, and down-hearted. Oh, it was a miserable day to all of them; Mrs. Greville, George, and Ella suffering most of all from sea-sickness, while Theodore was glad to lie perfectly still, he was so dizzy the moment he tried to raise his head.

Nurse, who had been at sea before, was fortunately well enough to wait upon them, and told the children they ought to be thankful they were well taken care of instead of being shut up in the steerage, as so many little children were at that very moment, in a crowd of people all as sick as themselves.

CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE.

THE storm lasted for two or three days. It was not very violent, but sufficiently so to make a great deal of shouting and trampling overhead, which, with the roll of the ship, the straining of the timbers, and the dampness of every thing around, made even the cabin passengers wish themselves at home again.

Arthur was the first to grow better, when, on the fourth day they were fairly out at sea, the wind subsided and the waves grew smooth once more. He was of very great assistance to nurse in the care of the remaining invalids, for Mrs. Greville had grown very weak. He sat hours by the berth in which Ella was laid, bathing that little wan face, almost as white as the pillow it

was laid on, and her bright, tangled hair swept back from her forehead. And Theodore had to be amused to be kept quietly in bed, which he was heartily tired of; but nurse thought it best. And George had grown fretful and complaining, and wished himself on shore again twenty times an hour.

The first time Arthur ventured on deck he found matters very much altered. It was noon, and every thing was nicely washed and stowed away, the decks were scrubbed as neatly as the chamber-floor of a tidy country inn, and the sun shone pleasantly on the white sails overhead. Many of the emigrant passengers, thankful to escape from their confined quarters, were enjoying the bright weather in the space assigned to them. Two gentlemen, the only cabin passengers besides themselves, were overlooking the Captain, who was "making an observation," as it is called at sea, a curious process, which I could scarcely explain to you, or you understand. It interested the gentlemen very much apparently, and Arthur's first acquaintance, who seemed inclined to notice him, explained how by this means the Captain could tell any day just where they were at sea.

"And the lady I saw come on board with you is your mother, I suppose," he said afterwards; for on shipboard people make acquaintances very easily. "And those were your little brothers and sisters. I heard them call you Arthur. That is my name too—Arthur King, or "King Arthur," as they used to call me at school."

Arthur thought he should like Mr. King very much. He seemed to be about twenty-five, and had a smile now and then that gave his otherwise plain face a most agreeable expression; it was so frank and trustworthy. The other gentleman was a great deal older, and had an expression just the opposite of Mr. King's. "Sour discontent" Arthur called it, when he was describing the two to his mother. "He talked about the horrid accommodations to Mr. King, and those 'filthy Irish,' and a great deal that I'm sure he need not have said.' And then Arthur stopped, for he knew from his mother's warning smile that he too was finding fault, and saying things he need not have said.

When the children were well enough to go on deck, they began to think the ship was not so disagreeable after all. The Captain and Mr. King were very kind to them, and George began to re-

cover his good nature. He liked the motion of the vessel as she mounted one wave after another, plunging onward, as a spirited horse would bound along. Arthur thought of this first as he stood watching the waves one morning, for he was an excellent horseman, and enjoyed his rides very much. He asked Mr. King if he did not think so too, and Mr. King smiled, and asked him in return if he had not read Childe Harold, and quoted that beautiful verse :—

“ Once more upon the waters ! Yet once more !
And the wave bounds beneath me as a steed
That knows its rider ! Welcome to the roar !
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead !
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale.”

Arthur had never read Childe Harold, and Mr. King good-naturedly repeated verses of it to him, and many other descriptions of the sea, for he seemed to have read and remembered a great deal of poetry.

Mr. King and Mr. Wiley, the other passenger, were very unlike each other. Mr. King seemed always to be thinking of other people, Mr. Wil-

only about himself. Mr. King enjoyed the sunshine, and the neat decks, and even the heavy sea they met with occasionally. Mr. Wiley found it too hot, or too cold, or too blustering, and always looked ill-natured when he happened to come up while the sailors were busy in the morning washing down the decks. He fretted about the emigrants, said a dozen times that he was sure they should all have ship fever, and he wondered how he ever came to be such a fool as to let his old friend, Captain Williams, persuade him into the voyage. If he had taken a steamer he would have been at home long before this; to all of which Mr. King listened very pleasantly, and said he had never seen neater Irish people than those on board, and the Scotch were proverbially thrifty. And so far from being afraid of the ship fever, he used to go every day among them, and talk to those who seemed down-hearted, and sometimes even relieve the tired-looking women by holding a sick child, or amusing a cross one. Arthur liked Mr. King very much; and George thought he must be an artist, he knew so much about pictures. He described a visit he had made to the Vernon gallery, when he heard George say

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something about a favorite print from one of them, and told him that there were several in New-York that were well worth seeing.

With all this he never intruded himself or his affairs. He saw that Mrs. Greville liked to be quiet, and he did not even ask Arthur to introduce him. But all the children talked a great deal to their mother about him; and Nurse Long said, "It was easy to see he was a born gentleman."

"I should not think Mr. Wiley was very happy," Arthur said to him one day, as they were walking up and down the deck together, and that gentleman stood alone, his hands thrust into the pockets of his dressing gown, and his face any thing but cheerful.

"Nor I," said Mr. King. "Indeed I know he is not, and what is worse it is his own fault. I have seen him very often in New-York. He lives in one of the finest houses in the city, and has no end of carriages, and horses, and servants. But I don't think they give him any pleasure. I wouldn't change with him this moment—I think 'Contentment is better than Wealth,' as the old proverb says."

Mr. King certainly did not look very poor. His manners were decidedly those of a gentleman ; but sometimes a single sentence makes a great impression, and so it was with the proverb he had quoted to Arthur.

Mrs. Greville liked it too, and to tell the truth it was really a comfort to her. Now that the excitement of business was over, in the dull routine of sea life, the reality of all that had passed sometimes made her very sad, and the future seemed more gloomy than ever. She could not in an instant give up the habits and associations of a lifetime ; and when she thought that her own labor was to support the little ones around her, when she had spent thousands without a thought or care, it is no wonder she was troubled. She was very glad Arthur had made such an acquaintance as Mr. King.

The voyage was unusually long, and they had a great deal of rough weather. But they had no violent storms, and no accidents. When they first went on board, George, who had read a great deal about the sea, and who was not remarkably courageous, was quite sure they would all be drowned. But it was strange how this fear gave way to a

feeling of most perfect security, after he had been accustomed to the motion of the ship. Ella had shared in this fear too, which she confided to Mr. King in one of their long talks, for he often took the little girl on his knee and talked to her by the hour, while George and Theodore watched the sailors, or the emigrants, and Arthur listened. Mr. King did not laugh at her childish fears, which he thought were very natural, notwithstanding she sometimes forgot them in the novelty of every thing around them. It was a calm, moonlight night, the water shining like a broad silver track behind them, the waves quivering almost as gently as if they had been on a lake, and made a kind of music, Ella said, to the ballad Mr. King repeated to the little girl, instead of trying to talk away her fears.

THE BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
To be shattered by the blast,

CONTENTMENT BETTER

And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy at his prayers—
"We are lost!" the Captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered
As she took his icy hand—
*"Isn't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"*

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
As we anchored safe in harbor,
When the morn was shining clear.

"What a sweet little girl," said Ella, who had been perfectly still, looking up into Mr. King's face. "Did you write that about her, sir?"

"No," said Mr. King, "it was written by a countryman of mine, Mr. Fields, who went out in the same ship with me, and he has written other

songs, though none, I think, you would like quite as well."

Afterwards Mr. King taught Ella to repeat this ballad, and whenever she woke in the night, to the darkness of the cabin, and the strange noises, she would say to herself softly—

"Isn't God upon the ocean
As well as on the land?"

And she remembered what nurse had told her long ago, that "*the darkness and the light were both alike to him.*"

It was rather late in the season to see the icebergs Ella had hoped they should encounter, and Theodore had long ago found they would not stop at India, and so had given up all hopes of a cargo of shells and curiosities. But Ella was to be gratified nevertheless, for though it was late in the season, they encountered a group of these exquisite ice palaces floating southward, and very much worn by the action of the sun and waves. Captain Williams was by no means so much overjoyed as the children were, and said he was very thankful they kept at a respectful distance. But the pinnacles and turrets of ice, shining red and clear

in the sunlight, were very distinctly recognized. Ella thought it more beautiful than a fairy tale, and it was followed by most delightful stories of the polar regions, told by Mr. King and Arthur, who had read a great many volumes of travels.

The long voyage at length came to an end without any remarkable accident or incident. You can imagine the satisfaction of Mr. Wiley, who had fretted himself almost into a fever, and the delight of the children at being told one fine summer morning, that the long dark strip of clouds that seemed to rise out of the sea before them was certainly land. And then the news began to be understood by the emigrants, and some of them laughed and some cried, and others sang wild national melodies, as they had often done while on board; but these seemed to express thankfulness and joy, while the others had more of the sadness of parting in them.

Yes, it was certainly land, and nearer to their port than they had expected; by afternoon it was quite plain, and Captain Williams told them that if the wind did not die away, and a pilot came out to them, they would enter the Narrows of New-York harbor the next morning. The chil-

dren were as much excited as the night before they left Liverpool, and could scarcely be persuaded to go down into the cabin when bed-time came. Many of the emigrants did not go below at all; and Arthur saw even quiet Mr. King pacing the deck at twelve o'clock when he left it. No wonder, for he was returning after an absence of many months, and he knew that he should pass the next night with those he loved, in his own dear home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARRIVAL.

THEY were just entering the Narrows, when the children came upon deck the next morning. Mr. King was already there, and dressed very nicely, as if he soon expected to be on shore. Mr. Wiley was busy with his carpet-bags and trunks, and took no notice of them whatever. But there was too much to see and admire to care for that. The green fields, and the trees in all the glory of June foliage—the white walls of Fort Hamilton—the lovely villas that dotted the entrance to the harbor. As they came rapidly on with a favorable wind, the bay widened again into a sweeping crescent, inclosing ships of all nations, some returning to their far-off homes, others coming in like themselves from prosperous voyages. Brisk little steamers passed them, puffing, panting, and hiss-

ing—pleasure boats skimmed over the light waves—all was novelty and beauty under the bright rays of a summer sunlight.

The emigrants swarmed upon the deck, or wherever they could gain a foothold, to catch the first view of their destined port. The picturesque dresses of green and blue and crimson stuff, which the young girls wore, and the sober brows of the matrons,—their heavy hair, twisted or plaited about their uncovered heads, gave a kind of beauty to the crowded groups; and the hum of their eager voices made a confused and never-ceasing chorus of sounds. Some were talking of the friends who would be expecting them—others uttered blessings on the green land which they had so long looked forward to as a land of promise for themselves and their little ones, who were much more eager and vociferous than they.

And now the forest of masts, the glittering steeples, and the light canopy of smoke which marks the metropolis of the new world rose before them, stretching along the crescent, with the towns and villages that have sprung up around it—the outskirts of its industry and enterprise. Brooklyn, at first scarcely less imposing, Jersey City,

with its busy wharves, Governor's Island, rising like a green emerald from the very bosom of the water, while the low fortress proclaimed its use and its importance. It was more like what our young travellers had expected Liverpool would be, —and their eager faces and joyful voices gave testimony to their admiration.

“Look, mamma! that beautiful flag—the stars and stripes—and there's a band playing—I can just hear it, ever so faintly—and that lovely boat with crimson cushions, Ella—and an officer, and the men in uniform! oh, mamma—brother Arthur —*isn't* it like a picture!”

Mr. King pointed out all that was worth seeing to Arthur and George as they came up the bay, and nurse was busy enough in restraining the little ones from the fantastic or dangerous movements they were constantly inclined to make. But while all around her seemed bright and joyous, Mrs. Greville's spirits sank more and more. That no one in all this wide city or in the country whose wealth and enterprise had built it, cared for her, outweighed every pleasurable thought. The little respite of their quiet voyage was at its end. She must recommence her intercourse with the world,

and begin the struggle with want, and perhaps in the end absolute poverty. She felt weak and languid, the effect of illness and confinement, and the sudden coming in of the warm weather, for it was now the first of July, when the heat is sometimes intense. Her letters of introduction, Mr. Grigg had said, would insure her a kindly welcome and the assistance she needed; but she could not forget she was "a stranger in a strange land," desolate indeed.

Mr. King had volunteered to recommend a hotel to Arthur, when he found there was no one to expect them in New-York. But Mrs. Greville knew this would be above their limited means, and had inquired for a lodging-house, unacquainted with the American plan of boarding. This kind friend bade them all good-bye with a hearty shake of the hand, as they neared the wharf amid the cheerful voices of the sailors, the noise of bells and escaping steam, the swift rush of steamers past them, and the confused roar of the city's voice, that day and night mingles with the roll of wheels, the tread of many feet, the clanking of manufactories, and the heavy strokes of the artisan in a never-ceasing chorus. They saw him, when all was ready, spring

over intervening decks to the shore, and lost sight of him in the crowd with a feeling that their only friend had left them.

Captain Williams was very kind and polite, it is true, and offered any assistance in his power about landing; but they had never felt the same towards him.

There was little to cheer Mrs. Greville's drooping spirits in the hot noontide glare that poured down upon the dirt, and hubbub, and crowd of the wharf at which they landed. It was faced by high rows of buildings, principally occupied for flour and grain and sea-stores, which brought such a crowd of drays together that it seemed impossible to penetrate them. The cabs that had come down to meet the passengers of a steamboat, arriving near them, were old and dilapidated vehicles, and the one which Arthur engaged had coarse chintz linings, and windows that once put down could not be moved again. It took a long time to get the baggage together, and fasten on all the trunks and boxes, and Mrs. Greville's head began to ache violently with the heat, and dust, and confusion. A bitter murmuring wish to die passed through her mind, a rebellious questioning of the

reverses that had befallen her. But Ella and Theo. prattled together as the carriage moved slowly through the throng, the drivers shouting at each other in no very pleasant or proper language. George, too, was all interest, and more astonished every square they drove, to find how little difference there seemed to be between the United States and his own country. Somehow, though he knew a little more of them than Ella, and had not expected to see Indians or wigwams on first landing, he had thought the people could not be entirely civilized. George had never quite liked the plan of coming to America. He was fully convinced in his own mind that no country could begin to compare with England.

The boarding-house Mr. King had recommended was not very far from the river. He told them that *he* did not know much about it, but he knew people who had been there. For himself, he always lived at home. Arthur knew it must be a pleasant home, because his eyes always brightened when he spoke of it. The house did not look very prepossessing, nor was the neighborhood very pleasant, but it was better than Mrs. Crump's at any rate; and the landlady, who an-

swered the bell herself, said, "she guessed she could stow them somehow, so many of her boarders *was* in the country."

They were ushered into a dingy parlor, where the wall paper and some staring portraits were the only bright things visible. The carpet was faded—the hair-cloth furniture worn by constant use. A soiled table-cover served to display a vase, with a large bunch of paper flowers, some old souvenirs and annuals in tarnished bindings, and a pile of daguerreotypes. There was a piano with very yellow keys and very thin legs, standing under a picture of a gentleman in a high coat collar, with a red curtain and brown pillar behind him by way of relief. A match portrait of a lady in large gigot sleeves, and a double French worked collar, occupied the other recess. Over the mantel-piece, decorated with a dilapidated French time-piece, which did not go, hung an immense picture in a shining square gilt frame. It set forth a tall boy with a hoop much larger than himself, standing in the midst of what seemed to be a tulip bed, the flowers were so large and intense. He was looking vacantly straight before him, apparently at the wall, and evidently very

well impressed with the importance of keeping still in that exact position. A little girl, with equally unmeaning eyes, and very wide pantallettes, sat on the ground at his feet, supposed to be caressing a spaniel with ears almost as long as the flaxen ringlets of his little mistress. She had a huge basket of the aforesaid flowers in her hand. They had ample leisure to observe all these things before Mrs. Fish reappeared. Meantime the lodgers began to arrive and take their seats very unceremoniously at the long table, that extended half way into the room from the back parlor, casting curious glances at the new comers, who were gathered together near the window. Mrs. Greville had her veil down, but there was an air about the whole group very different from a party of American travellers.

Amid the clatter of spoons, and knives, and forks—for every thing was served up at the same time; soup, roast, and boiled, and even dessert, by the two slatternly-looking waiting-maids—Mrs. Fish, much to their relief, made her appearance, and informed them that their rooms were ready. They were ushered up the narrow, oil-cloth covered stairs, the walls and the furniture growing din-

gier at every turn, to two small chambers in the third story, one with two beds for Mrs. Greville, nurse, and the twins, the other appropriated to Arthur and George.

They were not very inviting, either in themselves or their arrangements, but the ship's cabin had made them accustomed to small apartments, and they could be alone, which was a great comfort. Mrs. Fish, notwithstanding her tablefull of boarders, seemed inclined to prolong her stay, and bustled about Mrs. Greville's room, offering assistance in opening trunks, or "fixing the things," which Mrs. Greville politely declined. Their hostess, however, lingered until she had seen Mrs. Greville's close bonnet taken off, and discovered that she was neither very old nor very ugly; and then receiving the week's board in advance, which she informed Mrs. Greville she always required when no references were given, she departed for the dining-room.

Fortunately all the boarders had gone out by the time they were ready for dinner, and the evening was passed in Mrs. Greville's room, the family all retiring early, in view of present fatigue and the necessity of exertion on the morrow

So, for that day at least, Mrs. Greville was spared the annoyance of curious eyes, and the questioning tongues of Mrs. Fish's twenty-one boarders.

CHAPTER VII.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Mrs. GREVILLE's plan was this: She hoped the gentlemen to whom she had brought letters would assist her in getting pupils, and find Arthur a situation. The annuity was a hundred and fifty dollars a year, which would, she thought, pay a small rent, and perhaps Arthur and herself would earn enough for the rest of their support. So the first thing was to deliver the letters, and get the advice of Mr. Howland and Mr. Gregory, to whom they were directed. Arthur was dispatched immediately after breakfast with the precious documents in his possession, first to purchase a "Stranger's Guide" at the bookstore on the corner, and then by consulting the map, and inquiring his way when it was not plain enough, to find the residences of the gentlemen.

Arthur noticed that every body talked about Broadway. It seemed to be the great thoroughfare of the city, to which all the other streets were directed. To his surprise he found himself very near it, for the boarding-house was situated at an equal distance from Broadway and the North River, as it is called, where they had landed. It was not so broad as he had expected to find it from the name, but it was crowded with omnibuses and vehicles of all descriptions, as he had seen the Strand in London, so that it was almost dangerous for a person to attempt crossing it. The sidewalks were thronged; early as it was, every one seemed to be going down towards the harbor.

One of the letters was addressed to Le Roy Place, Bleecker-street, the other to Fourteenth-street, near Fifth Avenue. He looked on the map in the "Stranger's Guide," which he had purchased, and found that Bleecker-street ran into Broadway a great many squares above where he stood. As he walked along he saw omnibuses with "Bleecker-street" on them in large letters, and keeping one of them in sight, which was not very difficult, as it stopped so often to take up and

set down passengers, he had little difficulty in discovering it. But Bleecker was a long street, as he saw by the map, and Le Roy Place might still be a mile distant. What was his delight then to find it a long square of beautiful houses, the second from Broadway, which he stopped to admire, not thinking it the place of his destination. They were built of marble, with iron railings, inclosing a bright grass-plat in front, and some fine old trees threw a grateful shade over the hot and dusty pavement.

"No. 5,"—yes, there it was on the opposite side of the way, and Arthur hastened over joyfully, delighted at his success. But though the outer door stood open, as though some one had just passed in, the window shutters were bowed, and a long piece of crape was hanging on the door-bell, tied with black ribbon. It was a doctor's gig that stood before the door, but Arthur knew by that sad token there was no more need of a physician, at least to one inmate of that beautiful house. He hesitated for a moment,—perhaps it was the master of the mansion—the very friend they had expected to have. But there might be others of the family—he would inquire

at least. So he rang the door-bell of the next house, for Arthur was a boy of quick thought and action, and inquired who had been ill at Mr. Gregory's. He did not say "dead."

His worst fear was confirmed. It *was* Mr. Gregory himself, and the servant volunteered the information, "that the poor gentleman died of a fever, just like *that* ; so quick that his daughter, the only child he had in the world, couldn't git home to see him."

Arthur walked on with a saddened heart. The first selfish feeling of regret was lost in the remembrance of the death of his own father, and how sad it had been that they were not with him when he died. The approach of death, even in thought, brought back all that sorrow, ending, naturally enough, in fears for the future.

But soon he had left many of the noisy shops behind. Tall, and even elegant-looking houses lined the street, the white spire of Grace Church rose before him, and further on the green trees of a small but elegant park waved invitingly in the sunshine. It was Union Square, his map told him, which was bounded on one side by Fourteenth-street, and this was the end of his walk. He was

not so hopeful now, and he lingered for a few moments in the square before he looked for Fifth Avenue. The waving of the cool, green leaves, and the musical splash of the fountain was very pleasant to one who had not seen even a blade of grass in so many weeks. But he knew how anxious his mother would be for his return, and he did not linger long.

Mr. Howland's house, which he found with little difficulty, was a handsome free-stone mansion, with a high flight of steps, and drawing-room windows opening on an iron balcony. But every window was closed, the door-plate and bell-knob were stained as if they had not been cleaned in weeks, and the steps were thick with dust and the litter from the sidewalks that had blown over them. Every thing looked like desertion. The boy's heart that had been lightened by the pleasant square, was troubled again. Perhaps Mr. Howland had moved? But no, there was his name on the large silver door-plate, and Arthur rang at a venture. No one answered. Again and again, still no response. He could hear the loud peal sounding through the stillness of the empty hall. This time he hesitated to ask infor-

mation, but a chambermaid next door, attracted, no doubt, by the unusual ringing, put her handkerchief-adorned head out of the window, and screamed—

“’Taint no use of ringing, young man, the house is shut up, and the whole ’stablishment’s gone to the country.”

“When will they be home?” Arthur inquired.

“La, when *does* folks come home—not afore September or October—when they can afford to travel.”

September—October! and now it was but the commencement of July! Something must be done long before then, or every dollar they possessed would be spent! Arthur thought only of his mother’s disappointment, as he turned once more towards Broadway. He knew she had no other plans or resources, and he dreaded to meet her quiet but anxious “Well, Arthur,” with the recital of his unsuccessful search. When he passed Bleecker-street again, a long train of carriages were passing into Broadway, and he knew it was Mr. Gregory’s funeral. The richly ornamented coffin could be seen through the dark drapery of the hearse, as the train moved slowly by;

yet the busy crowd went as gayly on its way, and none save Arthur gave more than a passing thought to the rich man thus borne to his last home.

Mrs. Greville, as Arthur supposed, had been anxiously watching for him. She did not like to unpack more than was necessary, hoping soon to remove to her own hired house, for the choice and situation of which, stranger as she was, she would be obliged to rely on the direction of others. So she had found little employment that long morning, for nurse had taken the children out to walk, thinking to relieve her from their prattle, and Master George had for once condescended to walk under her charge, as he had done many a time when a little child.

Mrs. Greville came to the landing to meet him. She had been watching from the open window, and the tired, heavy tread upon the stairs, so unlike Arthur's elastic step, prepared her for at least a small disappointment. But this double trial was so entirely unforeseen that she knew not how to bear it; and if Arthur had not been by she could not have restrained her tears. "But no gentleman could well leave business so long,"

she exclaimed a moment after. "Did you think of the counting-house, Arthur?"

No, he had not thought of that, and his face brightened in an instant. At least they would be able to tell him where to address a letter to Mr. Howland. But how to find it? Unused to large cities, he did not at first think of the Directory, and Mrs. Fish, coming in just at that moment for at least the sixteenth time, on some unimportant errand, was consulted, much to her satisfaction.

"Howland? la, you don't mean to say the Fourteenth-street Howlands! Why they're regular high-flyers, and dash around town at the greatest rate. One of our young gentlemen is in the silk department at Stewart's, and I've heard *him* tell about them often and often; and there's no end to the money they spend there. You don't say they're friends of yours—relations perhaps—dear me!" and Mrs. Fish paused, much relieved to find a clue at last to her mysterious English boarders.

"But do you know where Mr. Howland's counting-house is?"

"Down on the wharf somewhere, I suppose—hain't you looked in the Directory?" suggested

their hostess, holding open the door with both hands and leaning against it. "And to think you know the Howlands—real upper tens—Mrs. Howland was a Clinton, and—"

"Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Fish," screamed the harsh voice of a domestic in the hall, and much to Mrs. Greville's relief, that lady retired to complete the dinner arrangements below stairs.

But Arthur's weary afternoon quest had no better success. He found the counting-house with some little difficulty, it is true, down on one of the principal wharves, for Mr. Howland was a large shipping merchant, and his steamers even crossed the ocean with their rich freight. The clerk that he addressed was about his own age, but a very different looking person. He had a very short coat, a very bright waistcoat, and enormous neck-tie, to say nothing of a thick gold chain, and a seal ring.

Arthur's quiet and gentlemanly address was quite lost on him. He looked at his plain turn-down collar, and broad black ribbon, with a most contemptuous expression.

"Mr. Howland! sorry to inform you, sir, gone out of town, sir. I suppose you came to answer

that advertisement in the Herald. Thirty-two applicants since morning; the place was filled at twelve o'clock."

"No, I wanted to see Mr. Howland. Can you tell me when he will return?"

"Really, couldn't say," answered the precocious young gentleman, arranging his hair so as to display his seal ring to the greatest advantage. "Ten days—two weeks—month or so. Couldn't you leave your business with me, sir?"

"Could you inquire where I could send a letter, if you please?"

"Oh, I wouldn't do as well—couldn't say—our governor's movements are usually very erratic. Better call again, in a week, say," and the boy, for he was nothing more, walked back through the store-house, with his hands in both pockets, whistling "The Serious Family Polka." There was no one else in sight, for it was late in the afternoon, and the principal clerks had left, this being a dull season, and New-York business hours earlier than Arthur had supposed, though indeed he knew very little of any kind of business.

He went back in a very disconsolate mood, and Mrs. Greville resigned herself as well as she

could to wait another week in uncertainty. It was much more wearying than the hardest labor would have been, the more so that she soon had the prospect of losing her faithful nurse.

CHAPTER VIII.

DARK DAYS.

NURSE LONG, quiet as she seemed, was an excellent person to rely upon in any trouble. She had been in Mrs. Greville's family since Arthur was a baby, and having no near relations of her own, always seemed to belong to them. She had been married very young to a soldier, who died soon after in India, where she had followed him, and her little child only lived to be two years old. She seemed to have loved this baby so much that she always spoke of its death as the greatest trial of her life, and it made her love all other children dearly.

Ella and Theo. were never weary of listening to her strange tales of India, where she had seen their papa first, and of the dreadful jungle fever,

which carried off nearly the whole company to which her husband belonged, when they were ordered into the "up-country," or interior. For fifteen years she had passed a pleasant and happy life in the family of Captain Greville, and it seemed like commencing the world over again to leave them. Still this excellent woman had not uttered a fretful or complaining word. When Mrs. Greville said that since the children were so large she could not afford to take her to America, she only said, "very well, ma'am," and immediately asked Mr. Grigg if the little sum she had laid aside would not take her there; and when she found there would be more than enough, she resolved to stay with them, paying her own expenses until they should be settled in their new home. Ella and Theodore seemed like her own children, she had had the care of them so entirely, and she knew how unfit Mrs. Greville was to do any thing for them at present.

Thinking that Mrs. Greville would get into her own house in a week or two, nurse concluded it was best to employ the present leisure in finding a situation, with the proviso that she should stay with the family until they could be settled.

Mrs. Greville intended to be her own maid, but nurse knew how impossible that would be, and secretly resolved she would pay a young girl out of her own wages, to do the hardest work of the family.

In one of her walks with the children, Nurse Long had seen a large office where people who wish places, or servants, can go to inquire for them. So one morning when Mrs. Greville was sitting as usual, with folded hands and a sad face, she requested permission for the day, saying she had a little business to attend to. Mrs. Greville guessed what that business was, but she said nothing about it. She could not bear to think of nurse leaving her. She had written to Mr. Grigg that morning, telling him of their safe arrival, but most discouraging prospects. Dwelling on any trouble makes it seem greater, and Mrs. Greville seemed ready to give up under hers.

The children were talking away together, almost unconscious of her presence. Ella making a new cloak for her favorite doll, and Theo. watching the busy fingers with a great deal of curiosity.

"Why do you be so very particular?" asked

the little fellow, as he saw her rip out several stitches, and commence the seam again.

"Because I ought to be, nurse says, for I am mother's only daughter, and have got to help her a great deal. I mean to make all my dresses, and all mamma's some day, and keep house for her when she teaches, and do a great many things nurse says I ought to."

"Oh, dear! Ella, don't you miss the nice house we used to have at home, and the carriage, and Arthur's pony? Wasn't he a beauty! and papa promised *me* a pony. I mean to ask mamma to get me one. But perhaps they don't have ponies in America."

"I wouldn't ask mamma if I were you, Theo.," the little girl said, for her feminine instinct began to understand something of their altered condition. "It might make her feel bad, and I don't care so much about a fine house! Nurse says it might have been a great deal worse. Mamma might have died too. We could spare papa better, couldn't we Theo.? and then we must have lived with Uncle Edward. I shouldn't have liked that, should you?"

"No, indeed," answered Theo., snipping a bit

of cloth with Ella's scissors. "I wonder if Uncle Edward ever was a little boy,—I don't believe he knows how little boys feel."

"Don't you know how he used to scowl if he met us on the lawn sometimes, and I always ran out of his way? I like Mr. Grigg a great *deal* better. I don't believe Uncle Edward feels happy."

"Ella, don't you wish you were a boy?" Theo. said, with sudden energy.

"No," answered the little girl thoughtfully, fitting the new cloak, to her patient dolly. "*Be-cause* I couldn't sew then, or play with a doll, or help mamma, as I mean to; and she wouldn't have any little girl, would you, mamma?" for she noticed for the first time that Mrs. Greville had finished her letter, and was watching them.

Mrs. Greville smiled sadly—she never had any of her bright smiles now—at this simple reasoning. But she was diverted from her own thoughts, and came and sat down by them.

"Nurse seems to 'say' a great many things, Ella, you are always quoting her."

"I don't know what 'quoting' means, mamma,

but she does say a great many nice things, only she will talk about going away. Why do you let her go away, mamma?"

"Because we are poor, my darling," Mrs. Greville answered somewhat bitterly, taking the little girl upon her lap, "and I cannot afford to keep her. I shall have to work for you now, and work hard, and you must be good children, and not give me any trouble."

"I don't think it's nice to be poor," Theo. said, for, like George, he dearly loved his own ease.

"Well, but we can be just as happy, can't we, mamma? I think so, and so does brother Arthur. He talks just like nurse sometimes. He did when he took me down to the Battery last night, to see the steamboats, and he cried when he saw a ship that was going to England; and then he said, 'never mind, little sister, we will all work, and be happy here in America.'"

"But I don't want to work," persisted Theo.

"You are my little comforter," Mrs. Greville said, kissing Ella, "and we will try to be happy. Your brother Arthur is a noble boy!"

"But nurse told me something more, mamma. She said if God had thought it was best for us to

be rich, he would have left us so, and we would not have had to have thought about working. He knows what is best for us; don't you think so, mamma, if He is Our Father, for Our Father would not let any thing trouble us, would He, that wasn't right?"

Mrs. Greville knew that nurse was right, but she could not feel so at all times, particularly with the prospect of her leaving so soon.

It was a warm, sultry day, and Arthur came in fatigued and heated from an unsuccessful inquiry for Mr. Howland. He had left George at the free picture gallery Mr. King had told them about in Broadway. George was as fond of pictures as ever.

"Had we better wait another week, Arthur," Mrs. Greville asked, "before we look for a house? Mrs. Fish has just been in to know if we want the rooms. I'm sure she charges us more than they are worth, or than it would cost us to keep house. But I don't know where to look for one."

"Nor I, mamma." Poor Arthur was sadly discouraged, and scarcely knew what to say. "Let us wait, and ask nurse;" and nurse, who had met with no more success than Arthur, though she

had entered her name as an applicant for a place, and waited her turn with more than fifty others, advised keeping the rooms another week, but thought they had better look for a house at once, even if Mr. Howland had not returned. So Arthur borrowed a Herald of Mrs. Fish, and went carefully over the list of "Houses to Let." It was not very large, for this was not the season of the year when people move in New-York. Almost every one makes a change of residence on the first day of May. Arthur noticed, while arranging this list, that there were a great many advertisements of people who wanted places as clerks or book-keepers, and some few for clerks. He had begun to think now what they should do without Mr. Howland's assistance. This, then, was his only other hope of finding employment.

Mrs. Greville and Arthur found "house-hunting," as it is called, a weary task—the more particularly, that, not knowing the way, they walked a great deal more than was really necessary; and could find but two or three places in a morning. Most of the rents were far beyond their means, and the cheaper ones were in such remote or disagreeable neighborhoods, that they could not

think of them. In the mean time, nurse had found a place with a lady, who was going out of town for the summer. The nurse who was with her would stay until she left, a week or ten days. There was so much the more need of hurrying the matter. Besides, Mrs. Fish managed to bring in a very large bill at the end of the week, and Mrs. Greville knew that her little capital could not long support such a demand.

Arthur came back from his usual inquiry at Mr. Howland's, in a very unhappy mood one morning. Three weeks had passed, and still there was no hope of his return. The letter that he had asked the clerk to forward for him remained unanswered, and that young gentleman told him in the most ungracious way possible, that "there was no need of calling again before September or October, as one of the partners was attending to Mr. Howland's business." So Arthur left the only direction he could then give, the boarding-house of Mrs. Fish, which the clerk promised to forward to Mr. Howland, but which was mislaid that very afternoon, as Arthur's letter had been before. The young gentleman had concluded it was some begging business which Mr. Howland would not care

to be troubled with, Arthur's evident dejection confirming this to his mind.

And so the only respectable rent that they had discovered, for a hundred and fifty dollars, was taken. The second floor of a house in one of the Avenues, far up town, and in a busy, and by no means agreeable neighborhood, though perfectly respectable. There was a grocery store beneath, and a family on the floor above them. This last was Mrs. Greville's greatest objection. She had come to think a great many things possible, that she had not dreamed of a year ago; but she did not like the idea of such near neighbors. She saw the family when she went to look at the rooms. The husband was out of employment, sick; the wife seemed to have all the care of the house upon her. One little girl and an infant completed the household. There was nothing positively coarse about the woman; but Mrs. Greville, brought up in fastidious refinement, shrank from the contact that would be natural. But there was no resource, and nurse, who could see none, advised it; so the rooms were hired on this noisy, unromantic thoroughfare; three square apartments and a small kitchen—a dismal exchange for the elegant home

that had so lately been theirs. Nurse and Arthur made the few necessary household purchases. They used the strictest economy, and yet Mrs. Greville looked with dismay on her diminished means. There was scarcely sufficient for their immediate expenses, and there was no prospect in the future.

There was yet two days before the services of nurse could be claimed for her new mistress. This was occupied in teaching Mrs. Greville the simplest household details, of which she was as ignorant as a child. Indeed, Amy Jenks, the daughter of their neighbor, though only ten years old, knew far more. She could cook a plain meal, and sweep and dust, and even iron. Nurse discovered this, and also that her mother was thinking of finding a place for her, as the little wages she would get were needed in the family. So nurse agreed with Mrs. Jenks that Amy should help Mrs. Greville, for half a dollar a week; and sleeping up stairs, she would not incommode them as much as a regular servant would have done.

It was almost breaking the faithful creature's heart to leave the family, when they needed her more than ever before. But she trusted Mrs.

Greville, in all her trouble, to the care of her own BEST FRIEND—one who could do more for her than any earthly helper. She could scarcely persuade Mrs. Greville to *borrow*, as she called it, Amy's wages from the two dollars a month she was to receive; but she had arranged all beforehand with Mrs. Jenks. It was a sad parting for all of them. Mrs. Greville wept as she had not done since her husband's death. Arthur and George were downcast enough, while the twins clung around the neck of their nurse, and refused to be comforted. But the time came, and with a heavy heart the poor woman left her darlings to go to a new home, but only that she might still work for them.

That very morning Arthur wrote an advertisement for a situation, painfully conscious how little he was fitted to do, but determined to find some employment to aid his mother and the children. The advertisement was printed day after day, with one by Mrs. Greville for music pupils, but no answer came to either, and no news from Mr. Howland. Still the family must be fed, and there were lights, and the water tax, and many other expenses Mrs. Greville had never counted. Her household



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tasks were dragged through from day to day, with the help of her willing little handmaid, but the great heat, the confined air of the city, and her inexperience, and natural distaste to such occupations, made the most trifling duty laborious.

With her apprehensions for the future relieved, and a cheerful, contented spirit, Mrs. Greville might have found pleasure in thus serving the children she loved so dearly. It is an unwilling mind that makes a heavy task.

CHAPTER IX.

SICKNESS.

BUT new troubles awaited her. Mrs. Jenks, who, notwithstanding her cool reception, stopped now and then to have what she called a neighborly talk, informed Mrs. Greville one morning that the scarlet fever was in the neighborhood. But if it was intended for a warning, it was already too late; both Theo. and Ella had complained of illness for several days, and this fever, so dreaded by mothers, soon developed itself. At first, Mrs. Greville, in her inexperience, refused to believe it; but Mrs. Jenks assured her that "she knew every symptom," and they "ought to have a doctor, right off."

Remembering the enormous fees of her English medical adviser, and not seeing the real danger of her children, poor Mrs. Greville delayed from

hour to hour, hoping for a favorable change. Now, indeed, came the sting of poverty ; to see her little ones suffering, and yet denying them aid. But Mrs. Jenks, who, under her unpromising exterior, had a kindly heart, privately dispatched Amy for a young physician, who had attended her husband when he was first hurt, and brought him to the bedside of her little sufferers.

“ You should have sent for me before, madam,” he said, the instant he comprehended the case, for he saw instinctively that Mrs. Greville was a lady ; and the delicate features of the children, now flushed by the scorching fever, gave him the rest of an oft-repeated story. But he put aside the gold piece Mrs. Greville tendered him—that last hoarded sovereign!—politely saying, that physicians in America rarely rendered a bill until after the conclusion of their visits ; and though he must have known their poverty, from the bare walls and plain furniture, he gave his little patients quite as much attention as the best paid physician in Bath would have done. He did not deny that the case was very critical, the small close room and the great heat of the sultry August weather being both against them. But he came very often, and

left most minute directions for their care, seeing Mrs. Greville's inexperience; often consulting Mrs. Jenks, who, sending Amy to the care of her father and the baby, established herself as general nurse and assistant.

George, too, sickened; the peevish restlessness, a type of his disease, making his attendance very laborious, and, though all dangerous symptoms after a time disappeared, the long and anxious watch told upon Mrs. Greville's already weakened frame, and Dr. Rand was recalled to a fourth patient in the family.

Mrs. Greville had struggled bravely with her illness, for Arthur's sake, and for her little ones, and the low nervous fever must have been long in developing itself, and threatened months of weary suffering. Had Nurse Long known of these new misfortunes, she would have resigned her situation in a moment, and come to them. But she was in happy ignorance of their trouble, and wrote to them in a most cheerful strain of her beautiful new home in the country, her lovely young mistress, so good and thoughtful for others, and the dear little baby her only charge. She should be able to see them very often, she said, when they

returned to town, which would not be before October, on account of the baby.

The last sovereign had been spent long ago, and Mrs. Greville's delicate Geneva watch, set with pearls, had been sold for one-half of what it had cost. Mrs. Greville had thought it would be indispensable to her in teaching, but it was her last resource, when her own sickness came; the natural result of all the care, and unusual exertion she had gone through with. And so she lay, day after day, on the hard bed—very different from her French couch, with its silken hangings—and thought over all her troubles, or listened to the jar of the omnibuses, the dull but never-ending strokes of hammer and chisel from the neighboring manufactory, until it seemed that her brain would go wild. Sickness she had borne before, and been praised for her patience; but this was a different matter from the hushed and darkened room, where she had then lain, perfumed by the most delicate flowers, brought to cheer her solitude, where every footfall was softened by the tufted carpet, and the hands that ministered were gentle as her own.

Mrs. Jenks was very kind—far kinder than

she could have expected ; but her hands were hard and coarse, her manner far from gentle, and her tread shook the whole room. At first, Mrs. Greville even disliked her, but now she came to see how unfounded her prejudices had been, and to be most grateful for her really excellent care. Dr. Rand seemed to respect Mrs. Jenks very much ; and, though young, he was very skilful. Mrs. Greville could not have fallen into better hands if she had chosen from the whole city. Fashionable physicians are often more indebted to good fortune than skill for their large practice, and then they often have not the time to devote themselves to one patient. Dr. Rand saw that the root of Mrs. Greville's illness was a "mind diseased," and he tried in every way to "minister" to it. He had been in England, and was familiar with many places she had visited ; and then it was pleasant to meet once more a person in her own sphere of life, with refined and pleasant manners.

Mrs. Greville was, from habit, reserved upon her former life. Her reverses had been too recent not to feel a false pride when she spoke of them to strangers ; but Arthur was won by Dr. Rand's kindness, and, longing for some sympathy and

counsel, he gave him the outline of their history. It was the clue he had needed to Mrs. Greville's illness, and, though Arthur only mentioned that they had been disappointed in their expected assistance, he began to think how he could aid his patient otherwise than by drugs.

September came with its cool sea breezes, and poor Mrs. Greville began to gain strength slowly. Still, all was dark before them; her own health, on which so much depended, impaired; and Arthur had not yet found a situation. Mrs. Jenks came in one evening to assist her to rise, and found her in a most disconsolate mood, almost ready to resolve that she would not try to recover. But her kind neighbor had seen her thus before; and manufacturing a comfortable easy chair, by the aid of some blankets and a pillow, almost carried her frail-looking patient to the window, in the outer room, where she left her, to air the bed and put the room in order. Arthur had gone out as usual on his daily fruitless quest. Poor boy—he had only learned the sickness of hope deferred, and often called to mind what Mr. Howland's clerk had said, of the thirty-two applicants for a situation in one morning. Some told him it was

useless to look for a place in the dull season. Others, pleased with his appearance, declined only on account of his lack of experience. Again and again he came home with a weary heart sick, thinking he would starve sooner than apply again. But it is easier to talk of starving than to want, or see those we love in need; and Arthur reproached himself, when he saw the children so ill, and his mother suffering for what were to her necessities of life, that he had so proudly refused his uncle's assistance, galling though the offer was.

The children, too, had gone out with Amy on some household errand. Mrs. Greville looked out, thinking she might see them returning. The prospect from the window was not very inviting. The grocery store on the corner, with its garnishing of boxes of oranges, starch, and stale raisins, its barrels of apples and potatoes, the strings of hams and dried apples, which ornamented the awning post, was the most conspicuous feature of the landscape. Directly opposite was the stove manufactory, from whence came the incessant din that had disturbed her. Another grocery store, a ready-made clothes depot, with the uncouth empty garments dangling in the air, and the

cheap millinery of the adjoining window, had nothing to rest the eye longing for green fields and wavy woods, for a broad sweep of landscape, in exchange for the narrow strip of sky just visible above the close brown roofs and tall chimneys. The passers-by seemed to belong to the scene. Little children, who never had known the buoyancy of childhood—women, with pale and care-worn faces, who looked almost as hopeless as herself—men, with eager or stolid looks, who seemed to have less actual enjoyment of life than the horses of the omnibus stand near by, who ate their scanty portions of hay with a fagged and melancholy drooping of the ears. And our poor, weary invalid so loved the beautiful, and had lived, till now, so shut out from any thing like contact or sympathy with the life of the great world!

She looked back into the room again, to see only the hard, ungraceful furniture, the bare white-washed walls, the meagre fare set forth for the evening meal, and the hard, angular figure of her sole companion, with her soiled chintz wrapper, and thin hair, so ungracefully disposed. No wonder that she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the present and the future.

"Poor soul!" said Mrs. Jenks, pityingly, "you don't gain strength fast, do you now? Just like my husband, poor man, fretting himself to death 'cause he can't do any thing. 'Tis a pretty hard case; but don't worry, we *all* have our troubles in this world."

"But what are yours in comparison with mine?" Mrs. Greville was ready to burst forth; "you have never known any other existence than this miserable from day to day life." Sorrow either makes us more merciful, or *very, very* selfish.

But Mrs. Greville did not say this aloud, and Mrs. Jenks went on, as she smoothed down the bed-clothes and beat up the pillows with a strength her patient envied. "Yes, indeed, we all have our troubles! There was I, left when I was only sixteen years old, to take care of myself and my three brothers and sisters. My father and mother died within a week of each other before I finished my trade. And then the farm had to be sacrificed, because I was a girl and did not know how to manage it, and the few hundred dollars we was cheated out of. The man that did it lives in style now in this very town, and gives grand balls and parties, the papers say. But I don't envy 'the

wicked in his prosperity,' as the Bible says. Those *was* dreadful hard times, but I was young and strong then, and worked at my trade, and got along."

Mrs. Jenks's face brightened as she gave the bolster a swing with her long arm, to have the feathers well shaken up.

"Well, after a while one of the children died, and George went to sea and was never heard of, that is, after a good many voyages—it's ten years ago last February—and we had been married five years. *He* took my youngest sister, and did by her as if she had been his own child, and gave her a good trade. I never can forget that. There isn't many poor men that would have done it. La, you'll sleep as sweet as a nut, Miss Greville!"

"And then we had our own trouble," continued the good woman, who seemed pleased to find Mrs. Greville listening to her simple story. "My oldest boy, George—he was named after his uncle—died, and then comes my Amy, and two died between her and the baby. Oh, they were the sweetest little things, and both died close together of the scarlet fever; that's what made me feel so bad when your children was sick—it

brought them right up again. Dr. Rand says your little boy's getting well is wonderful; he didn't expect it when he first come. But Dr. Rand's all in all with me! One of the best young men that ever lived; and his wife's as good as he is."

"His wife!" said Mrs. Greville; "I did not know that he was married."

"Yes, indeed, these two years; just before my husband was hurt; and she came right off to see me, and she a bride, as pretty as a picture; she was in her little white bonnet, and she bathed his head herself with her little white hands, and held the baby for me (it wan't but two weeks old), time and time again, and it screeching and crying, for it never was very well. And she'd have been to see you long before this, but she's gone away now, much against her will, for she don't like to leave him, only he can't go, and he don't like to keep her shut up here all the summer."

"How was your husband hurt, Mrs. Jenks?" Mrs. Greville had not forgotten her own troubles so entirely for a long time.

"Oh, he got caught in the machinery, and it's hurt his spine in some way, so he'll never be well

again, and that's ruined him. He used to be the best-natured man in the world, but it's a hard thing for a man to see his wife and children wanting, and to think he's only a burden to them all the while. I wouldn't mind it if he was patient, but it's up-hill work to have to do every thing and see him in such a state. There ain't no trouble, to my mind, like seeing your own in trouble, and no help for it day after day. But I remember always how good he was, and how much he's done for me and mine, and I try not to fret."

Mrs. Greville had often wondered at Mrs. Jenks's never-failing patience with her cross, fretful husband. "But how do you get along?" she said with real interest.

"It's pretty hard work sometimes, but he had a good deal in the Savings' Bank—he was always careful, Jenks was—and then a society he belongs to pays the rent, and I get a little time to tailor now and then for Mr. Smith over the way, and my sister helps us a little, all she can with a new frock for me, and a bonnet for Amy. Poor people is always grateful, and ready to help one another, Miss Greville."

Her listener thought with a feeling of bitter-

ness of the many her husband had assisted, yet who deserted his widow and her children in their hour of need.

"My greatest trouble is, just now, Mrs. Greville, about Amy, having to take her from school. She was good at her book, and I was in hopes she would get to be a teacher and help us a good deal. She's too delicate to put right down to sewing, so I made her stir round and do housework a spell. She would have made a good scholar her teacher said." Mrs. Jenks gave this disappointment with a sigh that told what a trial it had been to her.

"But perhaps Mr. Jenks will get well yet?" said Mrs. Greville, in her turn a consoler.

"Oh, no, ma'am, there's no hope of that, Dr. Rand says, and I believe Dr. Rand. I'm willing to work, ma'am, and I'm not complaining, though it does seem as though I'd had trouble all my life. No, I'm not so sinful as to complain of real *God-sent* trouble, because if it wasn't best for me I shouldn't have it. And sometimes when I get low spirited, and feel like complaining, I think of other people that's worse off than I am—and wasn't it a mercy *his* life was spared, and *all* my

children wasn't taken? No, no, *Miss Greville*, I don't complain, I've got a great deal to be thankful for!"

And with no other prospect than penury and care before her, this poor woman was content and even thankful! It was a loving reproof to *Mrs. Greville's* cherished bitterness of spirit. She felt it so, and bowing her head once more upon her hands, she asked her Father in Heaven to give her a true and thankful heart. It was a silent prayer, but it calmed her heart, and the tears that rolled through her wasted hands were not stormy rain, but rather a soft and gentle dew. The fever of her spirit was gone, and she began to feel, that who "our Father loveth He chasteneth," and all His corrections are gentleness and mercy. Had she not lived year after year in unclouded prosperity, with scarce a grateful thought to Heaven for all her daily blessings? and should she rebel because they had been taken away from her? And then what a motive for life and exertion was left to her in her children; those little ones who had been given back to her from their danger; her noble Arthur who was always so brave, and thoughtful, and patient.

She heard his voice upon the stairs, and dried her eyes hastily lest he should see she had been weeping. He would scarcely have noticed it, however, for he came bursting into the room, with a flushed face and dancing eyes, like one who has pleasant news to communicate. It reminded Mrs. Greville of those days in which he used to canter his pony past her carriage, and lift up his cap with such a bright smile and bow, when he saw his mother. It was a great change from the tired, listless expression that had lately become habitual to him.

“ Oh, mamma ! are you up ? ” he cried ; “ how nice !—and may I bring some one in to see you ? An old friend of mine, mamma—I thought you were in your room, and brought him up to talk over things. Mr. King, mamma—may he come in ? ”

Before Mrs. Greville had time to think of an answer Mr. King was in the room, and greeting her with all the cordiality of a friend indeed. He seemed to forget that they had never spoken with each other before ; and Mrs. Greville, after the first hurried glance around the room and its poor appointments, seemed to forget it too. Any one

that Arthur loved, or who was kind to him, had found the way to her heart. Mr. King did not seem to care about the noisy neighborhood, or the plain furniture. He asked for the children, and said he must certainly stay, if Mrs. Greville would allow it, until they came in, for they were such favorites of his. And he asked about George, and whether he had found the Art-Union Picture Gallery, and said he would take him to see the Dusseldorf collection some day. Mrs. Greville knew this would give George more pleasure than any thing he could do for him, and began to feel quite at her ease with her visitor. The best of all was his plan for Arthur, which Arthur knew already, and longed to burst out with the moment he entered. But even Mr. King's presence could not long restrain him.

"Wasn't it very strange, mamma?" Arthur said, talking very fast, and going backwards and forwards between his mother and Mr. King a great many times. "I didn't even know Mr. King was in a counting-house, and I saw the advertisement quite by accident—the one that took me to Mr. King's store I mean. 'To be generally useful,' the advertisement said, and I hesitated a

long time whether to go or not. It was a very great way off, and I was very tired. But I thought I *would*. So when I got there I met two boys about my own age, coming away, and they looked at me and then at each other, and said, 'he's so dreadfully particular!' the gentleman I knew they meant. So my heart sank down, and when I asked for the gentleman, they said he had gone out, but there was some one who could attend to me. He stood with his back towards me, and was talking to another boy. I knew it was Mr. King in a minute, and I was so glad that I hardly had any voice left, when he turned around; then he knew me and said, 'why, Arthur!' and the other boy turned away so sulky, because Mr. King wanted references—and we had such a nice talk—didn't we, Mr. King?"

Mr. King smiled good-naturedly at this head-long recital, and told Mrs. Greville that he was just ready to come up town, and Arthur had accompanied him, and proposed, as they were walking, that he should stop in and see Ella and Theo.

"But that's not the best of it! I have the place, mamma, and a salary if I suit. Only think

of it, a hundred and twenty dollars a year, paid every month to me! Isn't that grand! and to be with Mr. King too—and he's going to teach me book—"

"We must not tire your mother with our plans, Arthur," Mr. King interrupted; and just then the patter of little feet was heard upon the stairs, and the children were so delighted to see their old friend once more, that their brother was obliged to reserve his communications for another time. George's pale face actually flushed with delight when he was told he should be taken to the Dusseldorf gallery; and Ella showed Mr. King how thin her arm had grown since she was so ill. Like all children of her age, Ella had considered herself a heroine, since she had been sick, and had been visited by the doctor. Mr. King remembered that Mrs. Greville was ill, and did not prolong his visit, but promised to come again if Mrs. Greville would allow it. The pleasant influences of his visit did not go with him; Mrs. Greville slept better than for many a night past; 'sitting up had rested her,' Mrs. Jenks said; 'tired' her, Arthur thought. At any rate she was rested the next morning, and sitting up when Dr. Rand

came, much to his surprise and satisfaction. She even welcomed him with a cheerful smile.

He understood it all as soon as Arthur told him of his success, and declared that 'next week' was a great while to look forward to, to commence his work. He could not help adding that there was to be a month's salary in advance, and Dr. Rand saw the importance of this as well. He seemed to have more time than usual this morning, for after he had given his opinion that Mrs. Greville was a great deal better, and would not need his care much longer, and congratulated Arthur, he had a great deal to say about pictures and music, and here Arthur told him "he ought to hear mamma play once! only her harp was sold in England, and she had not practised a bit since they came."

Mrs. Greville colored, partly from Arthur's enthusiastic praise, and partly from his allusion to the sacrifices they had been compelled to make; but Dr. Rand's face brightened.

"I always fancied you were a good performer, Mrs. Greville; I don't know why; and thinking over things—I'm sure you will excuse me—I was wondering if you would not like to teach. Arthur

has told me that you were disappointed in finding some friends, and if I can be of service, you must let me act as such."

"You are very kind," Mrs. Greville said, and she felt a great deal more than she said; and how true it was that we find friends when we least expect to.

"I wrote to Lucy—Mrs. Rand—last week about you all—you know it is natural to speak to those we love of what interests us—and she thinks perhaps you would like a music class. It was *my* idea that you ought to be busy about something; I prescribe it as a physician," and Dr. Rand smiled, showing those fine white teeth that Ella admired so much.

"You are quite right, Dr. Rand," Mrs. Greville answered, checking the last rising of false shame. "It is what I intended to do when I came to this country, but I did not find either of the gentlemen to whom I had letters, and no one noticed my poor little advertisement, put out of sight in one corner as it was; and then the children were sick, and you know how it has been ever since. I have felt too discouraged even to think of it. The more so that I get no letters

from the only friend I can count on in England I *must* do something as soon as I am well enough."

"Lucy's the very person to advise you, Mrs. Greville. She's the most remarkable little business woman you ever saw ; she keeps my books, if you will believe it, when she is here, and helps me in a hundred ways. I expect her by the time you will be well enough to go out, and you must let me bring her to see you at once. You ladies can talk it over best together ; but you will have to hurry and get well or I shall not allow any business."

Dr. Rand's attention was claimed the next moment by Ella, who had climbed upon his knee, and was propounding a difficult arithmetical and agricultural question, as to "how many strawberries grew in the sea?" supposed to be propounded originally to Mother Goose, that dear old matron ! by the celebrated "Man in the Wilderness." The doctor was, of course, puzzled, much to the delight of the children, and Theo's tone was very triumphant when he gave the wise rejoinder, "As many red herrings as grew in the wood;" and then Dr. Rand, after acknowledging himself vanquished, said he was sure his old horse Harry

must be eaten up by the mosquitoes, during his long talk, and hurried away down stairs, followed by both the children, to see. Dr. Rand had made himself such a favorite, that it was sometimes very difficult to escape from his little friends.

Mrs. Greville's first occupation was to count over her little store, which, with careful management, and Arthur's month's pay in advance, she thought would last several weeks; and then she wrote again to Mr. Grigg, much wondering why he had not written to her in all this long while. As she laid away her pen, she asked herself if she *could be* the same person who, such a little time ago, had thrown away money so recklessly, spending a hundred dollars for a new ornament or a single dress. Her whole possessions did not reach one quarter that sum! and every dollar of this would be looked at and thought over a great many times before it would be expended. English children have, as a general thing, very plain food, so they did not mind the difference so much; but Captain Greville's table had always been very expensive, and with her delicate appetite, Mrs. Greville found it very hard to eat the plain coarse

food, which was all she could afford, or prepare. Besides the coarse delf, and the absence of silver, to which she had been all her life accustomed, made the table look very meagre indeed.

CHAPTER X.

TWO VISITS.

ARTHUR was the market man, and a small piece of meat, with a few potatoes, were usually the extent of his purchase. Even the plain dessert of rice or bread pudding was now given up, and Mrs. Greville's chocolate was replaced by cold water, as soon as she was able to do without it. The sickness had made a great change in her, and now that there was something to look forward to, she went about her daily duties more cheerfully. Mrs. Jenks was her willing instructress in all simple household ways, and Mrs. Greville felt more delighted at her praise of the first bread-baking, than she ever had in all the flattery of her fashionable friends.

Mrs. Jenks had not expected any return for her many little neighborly acts, and what was her

astonishment at seeing Mrs. Greville mounting the high stairs that led to her room, one afternoon, for the first time since she had lived in the house.

"Dear me!" said the good woman, bustling about to get a chair. "Now who would have thought of your being so neighborly! and you just out of a sick bed. This is my husband, *Miss Greville*—do take this chair, and rest yourself. How do you feel this afternoon?"

Mrs. Greville bowed to the silent-looking man in the arm-chair, who scarcely seemed to notice her presence, other than by a curious and slightly scowling look. He sat idly twisting straws into a kind of braid or plait, and she saw that he was unable to rise.

"Oh, I'm not tired, Mrs. Jenks," answered her visitor pleasantly; "and I came up to see if I could not hold the baby for you a little while. The children are playing school with George and Amy, and I heard you say you were hurried this morning."

Mrs. Jenks looked as if she could scarcely believe what she had heard! That *she* should help the delicate stranger lady seemed all right and

proper, but this offer of service *from* her was quite too much. Her face fairly shone with gratification. The baby was, for a wonder, in a sound sleep, and Mrs. Jenks was already stitching away on the vest she was finishing. So Mrs. Greville could only wind a skein of twist for her, exerting herself to talk pleasantly while she did so. At first she did not address Mr. Jenks at all; but seeing his wife watching his thin, haggard face anxiously, she tried to conciliate him by hoping the children did not disturb him with their noise.

"Nothing could make him feel worse than he always did," the man said in a grumbling tone.

"*Miss* Greville's very good, I'm sure," Mrs. Jenks said quickly, "and you ought to be very much obliged to her, Thomas. You see it's pretty hard for one that's been an active man, to sit still all day and do nothing." True wife that she was! trying to cover and excuse his surliness.

The straw that he was twisting suggested straw plaiting as an occupation, to Mrs. Greville, but she did not know whether it was done in this country or not. Then there was basket-weaving; she had noticed a little shop where willow baskets were sold, the last day she was out.

But Mr. Jenks said he did not know how to do any thing, and there was nobody to teach him ; and he added more rudely than before—"There was no use in trying to do, he never should be good for any thing, but a trouble as long as he lived, and he wished he could die ; the sooner the better."

Mrs. Jenks looked distressed, and Mrs. Greville was almost sorry she had mentioned the subject. But she fortunately remembered that Arthur had been taught basket-making by an old blind pensioner of hers, for Mrs. Greville was naturally benevolent, and had rarely refused assistance when it was asked of her, only she had not always been judicious in her gifts, and her liberal charities had cost her neither thought nor self-denial. The blind man had learned willow basket-weaving at a school or asylum for the blind, to which she had paid the entrance money, and Arthur, then a bright little fellow, had taken a fancy to learn of him.

So she resolved not to be disheartened, and talked on pleasantly to Mrs. Jenks, telling her the circumstance, and was rewarded by finding her husband listening with apparent interest, though he did not speak again while she staid.

Mrs. Jenks's room was not very inviting. It served as kitchen and parlor both, and there was a bed and cook-stove in it. A cherry-wood table and four Windsor chairs, were all the furniture, besides the child's wooden cradle, and the rocking chair in which Mr. Jenks sat. There was a small piece of rag carpet in front of the bed, and another before the stove, and every thing was as neat as could be. But the room was close, and the smell of the dinner still lingered in it. Still, Mrs. Greville was not sorry that she had made the exertion to pay the visit, when she saw how much faster Mrs. Jenks sewed, as soon as she was interested in talking, and how her jaded face looked happier, especially when Amy Jenks told her, the next day, "her father thought perhaps he could learn to make baskets, only he did not know where to get the stuff, and he did not like to trouble Master Arthur to show him."

Arthur was delighted with the plan, but unfortunately he had not the least idea where the material could be procured. It was George who helped them out of this difficulty, by suggesting that the men who sold baskets in the market probably knew. The beef-steak was given up for this day,

and, as the men in the market *did* know where the splints were for sale, they were purchased for Mr. Jenks, with the money intended for the meat. They had only bread and potatoes for dinner—an Irish dinner, George called it;—but they ate very heartily, and Arthur spent the evening in trying to recall his old accomplishment. In this he succeeded; and, though the basket was by no means elegant, he was so delighted with it that he declared he would carry no other to market, and he thought he should open a manufactory, with the aid of Mr. Jenks, at once. But he contented himself with giving Amy's father his first lesson the next day, and told his mother that he thought his pupil was going to be a great credit to him. At any rate, it was something for Mr. Jenks to think about, and his poor wife was delighted.

Mrs. Greville thought she had never paid a visit in her life that had given her so much pleasure, though she had used neither card nor carriage.

Meantime, Arthur had become a very important business man, hurrying down town every morning, and coming home late in the afternoon, quite tired out, but always bright and cheerful.

There is a great difference between the weariness of work and the weariness of idleness. He began to talk to George about the pleasure of being useful, and that he should look up a place for him somewhere, if he only got a dollar a week—that would be so much towards earning his board, and so much less for his mother to think about. This was a doctrine our young gentleman did not like very much. He sometimes went down with Arthur, but he stepped about daintily in the dust and lumber of the warehouse, and thought he should not like to soil his hands and his clothes as Arthur did. Arthur was as busy as a bee. Overlooking the draymen one minute—filling up their checks or tickets with the number of loads received—getting out Mr. King's books, so they would be all ready for him when he came down—helping the porter, even—and at eleven, away he went on his long walk to the Bank, with the little yellow cash-book in the inside pocket Mrs. Jenks had made for him, that he might carry it safely. George thought this was quite unbecoming a *gentleman's* son, and for his own part he had much grander views. He wished to be an *artist*, and paint pictures, such as he saw in the New-York

Gallery He had heard hundreds of dollars were paid for them, and he thought it a very nice way to make money, and one he should greatly prefer to all this drudgery and confusion.

He confided this opinion to Mr. King the afternoon, and the long-promised visit to the Dusseldorf Gallery was paid. Mr. King explained to him, as they walked along, that Dusseldorf was the name of a town in Germany, where the Academy was situated in which the artists who painted these pictures had studied. There was a group of them in one of the pictures. Brave, careless looking fellows; some in hunting coats and caps, as if they could do other things besides paint. Mr. King did not say much at the time, but after they were in the Gallery, they were joined by a gentleman he seemed to know very well, who began to talk about the paintings, and praised them. George liked the gentleman's appearance, and, as he appeared to know so much, he listened to his conversation with a great deal of interest. He began to think he must be an artist. Nor was he mistaken; for Mr. King said, presently, "You must allow me to introduce my little English friend, Mr. Peale; he admires your picture of the 'Nutting Scene,' very much."

Mr. Peale smiled, and George was at once abashed, and delighted to find himself in the presence of the artist whose pictures he had often admired in the Art-Union Gallery. The introduction gave him permission to listen to their conversation, and Mr. Peale even included him in it, by saying, "So you like pictures, my fine little fellow!"

They were talking about artist life, which the picture of the Dusseldorf students had called forth. Mr. Peale said it was a very pleasant, vagabond life abroad, that of a student, though most of them were miserably poor, and some few were well paid eventually. "But a man must study for years without reward, and give up any other pursuit in life, if he chooses it as a profession." Mr. Peale added, "and then the chances are ten to one whether he succeeds or not. I think art is like what some one says of authorship—a very good crutch, but a miserable staff."

Mr. King looked at George just at that moment, but Mr. Peale went on. "It is a most mistaken notion that a business man cannot be a man of taste. Why, look at the Medicis—the greatest patrons of art the world ever produced; accomplished in every way themselves! What were

they but merchants? And Roscoe, their biographer, an ornament to English literature, a banker! No, no. Mr. King, *you and I* know what a mistake it is."

Mr. King said he certainly agreed with him; and then they crossed the room to a beautiful picture of the infant Saviour, surrounded by the Wise Men of the East. George thought the figure of the Virgin looked like his mother; and then he wished she could see it. After that he was so absorbed in the pictures that he was quite astonished to hear Mr. King say, "Come, George, it is almost dark." He had not seen half he wished to, and was made very happy by discovering Mr. King had given him a season ticket, instead of one just for this afternoon. Mr. King knew very well that one visit never would satisfy him.

Arthur was waiting at the door for them, just from the counting-house; for the pleasure of the day was to be crowned by a dinner with Mr. King, and they were to see his sisters and his mother, who was an invalid, for the first time. Mr. King's father was dead, and his sister Alice kept house for them. Emily was still a school girl, a year younger than Arthur.

Somehow, George had always supposed Mr. King was very rich, and that he was a partner of Mr. Van Dyke, Arthur's employer; for he had said he would not exchange his riches for Mr. Wiley's, and the boys knew Mr. Wiley was very wealthy. So George, who had a great admiration for rank and fashion, was a little disappointed when they passed all the fine houses on Union Square, and went on and on as far as Twenty-Fourth street. But Mr. King's house was in a very neat row, with high steps, and a light iron-railing making a little balcony for plants before the parlor windows. A bright light was shining through the glass door of the vestibule, and as Mr. King turned his pass-key, they were ushered into a comfortably furnished hall, well carpeted, and looking cheerful.

Miss Alice King came out of the parlor to meet them. She was tall, like her brother, and had the same large grey eyes and pleasant smile. Mr. King called her "Elsie," and said he hoped dinner was ready, for he was quite ready for it. Six o'clock was Mr. King's dinner hour, as he staid down town all day. My little cousins, who, living in the country, dine at one, precisely, may

think this is a long time to wait ; but with business gentlemen in New-York, who live so far from their counting-houses, this is very common, as they take a lunch down town.

They were later than usual to-day, owing to the visit they had paid, and the gas was lighted in the dining-room when they entered. How cheerful it looked to these two little strangers ! who had not seen a table so neatly spread since they had left Waterloo Terrace. The service was only white China, but clean napkins nicely folded, and the bright casters in the centre, gave it an air of perfect neatness, and even elegance.

Emily was there, too, on a footstool, near her mother, learning her lessons. Arthur was a little bashful while the introductions were made, but Mrs. King spoke so pleasantly, though she did not rise, and even was wheeled to the table, and Emily was such a frank, sensible girl, that he was soon quite at his ease. Alice had taken George under her special protection, and Mrs. King was seated between her son and Arthur ; so dinner was served by a tidy-looking maid to a very pleasant and comfortable party. There was not a great variety, but every thing was nicely cooked and neatly ar-

ranged, and to George's delight there was a desert of custards, for which he had a particular fondness, and a dish of large rosy-cheeked apples. He was a little astonished to hear Mr. King tell his sister "*her* custards were very nice," for he supposed of course there was a cook to see to such things.

There were some very fine engravings in the dining-room, neatly framed, and when they entered the parlors—Mrs. King still wheeled by her son—George saw they were hung with excellent pictures. Yet there was not a mirror, and the furniture was very plain, though nice, and George was still more puzzled than ever to decide whether Mr. King was rich or not. Arthur, who did not trouble himself to reflect about the matter, thought he had never seen a pleasanter room. The gas was shaded in the back parlor, where was an open piano, a centre-table filled with new books and magazines, several comfortable-looking chairs, and a sofa wheeled round from the corner; and on this sofa Arthur ensconced himself, very near Mrs. King, whose pleasant face he began to like. Mr. King asked Arthur to excuse his dressing-gown when he came into the room again, and he had on

a pair of slippers Alice had worked for him. As he showed them to the boys, he turned suddenly to his sister Alice, who had taken up her crocheting, and said: "By the way, Elsie, we saw your friend, Mr. Peale, at the Dusseldorf to-day, and he gave us some very wholesome advice, on the subject of uniting mercantile life and the fine arts."

"He is a very good example in point, I am sure," Alice said, without lifting up her eyes. George, who was sitting by her, looked as if he would like an explanation; for he knew Mr. Peale was himself an artist, and quite celebrated.

"He says he will come and pass an evening with us very soon, and hopes you have learned those 'Songs Without Words,' he spoke of."

Miss Alice did not answer this time, but Emily looked up with a roguish smile. "You ought to have told him, brother, that if she did not, it certainly was not for want of practice. I don't think she's touched any thing else since he was here last."

"'The Nutting Scene' is going to be engraved," continued Mr. King. "I think it's the best thing I have seen from his easel this year. How he finds time for painting, with all his business, and—

"Coming here so much," suggested Emily.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Alice; "you seem to forget that we have visitors to entertain. A penny for your thoughts, master George; were you wishing to be taught crochet?"

"Oh, no; I was thinking—wondering what Mr. Peale's business could possibly be when he is an artist."

"An amateur artist," Mr. King said; "I thought you knew that, George. He is a merchant, a silk importer, and has been abroad on business several times; but he never loses an opportunity for study, and has improved himself wonderfully. Don't you remember what he said this afternoon?"

George did remember it, and felt rather crestfallen, as well as astonished. "Mr. King must have thought I was very silly," he said to himself.

Their friend probably considered the lesson sufficient, for Mr. Peale was not mentioned again, and Miss Alice asked if he loved music, and if she should play for him. She did not sing, she said, which she was very sorry for; many of her scholars wished vocal lessons, and she was not able to give them.

"Her scholars!" That decided the matter. No, Mr. King could not be rich if his sister was obliged to teach music. But what had he meant by saying he would not change with Mr. Wiley?

Meantime, Mrs. King had been talking to Arthur about his mother, and how happy she should be to know her, only she had not been out in more than four years. Indeed, her lameness was so great that she was obliged to be wheeled from room to room, most of the time. Arthur pitied the gentle-looking lady, and asked her if it was not dreadful to stay in the house all the time.

Mrs. King said she could understand how hard it must seem to a young person; but, for herself, she was quite accustomed to it. She had her work and books, and could overlook the domestics sometimes; besides, she suffered little pain. It was sometimes dull, she said, when Alice was out teaching, and Emily at school; but their evenings were so delightful, and Arthur was such a devoted son! Her eyes rested fondly on Mr. King, as Mrs. Greville often turned towards *her* Arthur, and the boy thought he would try and be such a son.

Alice played very beautifully, and said she

should like to hear Mrs. Greville's harp. Both the boys were very fond of music, and they had not heard any before in a long time; so you can imagine how much they enjoyed it, and a story Mr. King read aloud afterwards from *Chambers' Journal*. George would never have thought of going home. But Arthur remembered that their mother was alone, and nothing could detain him after the parlor clock struck nine. Mrs. King made them promise to come soon again, and Alice sent a message to Mrs. Greville, that she would call with her brother any evening Mrs. Greville would choose. It did not seem two squares to Sixth Avenue, they had enjoyed themselves so much. Arthur thought, on the whole, it was the happiest evening he had ever passed, though his papa had twice taken him to see a pantomime, and he had once attended a grand concert, with his mamma, at Bristol.

CHAPTER XL

A CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

THE very morning after this visit, they had a most delightful surprise. Nurse came in without knocking even, while they were sitting at breakfast! She had arrived in town the evening before, and the lady with whom she lived had kindly given her permission to see them the first thing in the morning. You can imagine how much there was to tell and hear, and Arthur was fairly obliged to break away, late even then.

"We business men have to be excused, nurse!" he said, with such an air of importance that they all laughed, and nurse delighted him by saying he had grown so rapidly she should scarcely have known him.

Then she insisted on wiping up the breakfast things with Amy, talking all the time; so sorry

to think they had all been ill, and so thankful that they were well again; and as full of gratitude to Mrs. Jenks, and the doctor, as any one could be. And that reminded her how much Carrie's mother (Carrie was the name of her little charge) had been interested in them all, and she was so kind, and had said it was very like a story her husband had written to her. "Her husband was a doctor, too—Dr. Rand!"

"Why, that's *my* doctor!" Ella cried out; and to think that nurse's kind mistress should prove to be the very "Lucy" Dr. Rand had told them of so often!

Mrs. Greville was pleased, and nurse was delighted, for "it's all our own family now," she said, and they would be the very best friends that ever were; she was sure Dr. Rand would bring her to see them that very morning, and, next to Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Rand was nurse's idea of perfection.

They were quite right. Dr. Rand came by twelve o'clock, and Mrs. Greville felt in a moment as if she had known his wife always. She looked very young—the more so, that she was dressed in deep mourning—and had such lively, yet gentle

manners, and both ladies were so well bred, that they were soon at their ease. Ella stood close at Mrs. Rand's side, with the lady's arm drawn around her, and Theo. privately told his sister he thought the lady prettier than any picture he had ever seen—"almost as pretty as mamma," which was a great deal for Theo. They all thought it a remarkable coincidence, that nurse's Mrs. Greville and Dr. Rand's "English lady"—for he had never happened to mention her name—should prove to be the same; and Mrs. Rand was very enthusiastic on the subject of nurse's merits—much to Ella's satisfaction.

After she had paid a visit to Mrs. Jenks, who was so loud in her welcomes that they were heard down stairs distinctly, and congratulated Mr. Jenks on his improvement, and his pretty baskets, for he made them very well indeed now, Mrs. Rand introduced the subject of the music class. She explained to Mrs. Greville that most of the wealthy citizens went out of town during the summer months, and the schools were all broken up, which was probably the reason her advertisement had remained unnoticed. September, she said, was the best time of all the year for getting pu-

pils, and she thought several of her friends would be glad to secure her services. They would advertise, too; for Mrs. Rand spoke of it, as if it was quite her own affair, with real and thoughtful interest. Mrs. Greville promised to return the visit in a day or two, and then they were to commence business fairly. It was quite time, for there was scarcely a dollar left in the house; Arthur had been obliged to sell the most valuable of the books he had reserved, and Mrs. Greville had resolved, whatever happened, she would never be in debt again; it was this resolution that sweetened the daily portion of food, often little more than bread and water.

She liked Miss Alice King, when she called with her brother, as much as Arthur wished her to do. She was quite as ladylike and well-bred as Mrs. Rand, though not as enthusiastic. She also had something to propose. As she did not sing, she would give up several of her pupils who wished vocal lessons; two of them at once, if Mrs. Greville would undertake them. But she warned her that music teaching could not always be a pleasant occupation. Sometimes the girls were dull, and their parents ignorant. The last was

the worst, for they expected every thing, and understood none of the difficulties; they thought money ought to buy every thing. "But it does not furnish talent, or common sense always," said Miss Alice, laughing.

Mrs. Greville was very glad to talk with some one that understood the matter fully. She was so entirely ignorant of the manner of teaching, and the difficulties to be met. She could not have had a better adviser than Alice King, who had taught herself for two years, and knew much more about the kind of people she would meet than Mrs. Greville did. So it was settled she should commence as soon as she had seen Mrs. Rand again.

But all this while what had become of Mr. Grigg and Mr. Howland? It was almost time to expect an answer to Mrs. Greville's letters, and nothing had been heard from Mr. Howland. Arthur was inclined to think him very negligent, to say the least, but Mr. King reminded him that he must have a thousand things to think of, and there was a possibility the letter never had reached him. It so happened that while they were talking of it, a gentleman came into the

counting-room and inquired for Mr. Van Dyke. Mr. King started and smiled, and looked at Arthur very mysteriously, and then he went up and shook hands with the gentleman, and called him "Mr. Howland."

Arthur thought he must be mistaken, but he was not; he knew they were looking towards him while they were talking, and he could scarcely go on in his work; but Mr. King did not keep him long in suspense.

"So here you are after all," Mr. Howland said pleasantly, as he shook hands with him; "and how does it happen that you have not delivered my friend's letter? That oddest of odd men, at least I fancy he must be, wrote me several months ago about you and your mother, and I had a situation then in my counting-house that would have just suited you. But nothing more was heard, and I had to advertise for a clerk. I hope you are not unpunctual, and neglect business?"

Our little hero had an especial pride in the very point of punctuality, and defended himself with earnestness; and Mr. Howland grew grave when he heard about the letter and message, and said he must inquire into it at once. But it re-

minded him that he had received a letter on his return to town, from Mr. Grigg for them, and if Arthur could call at the counting-house after business hours he should have it. "I supposed by that you must be in town," Mr. Howland said, "and concluded you did not wish my acquaintance?"

Arthur said, "Oh, no, sir!" so quickly that Mr. Howland seemed pleased; and said again he should be detained late down town, and should certainly expect him.

"He is a most excellent man," Mr. King said, looking as pleased as Arthur almost, "and you could not have a better friend. He lost a son about your age last year—his only child—but he seems none the less cheerful, though I know how great a loss it must have been to him."

"Mr. King," Arthur said suddenly, a little while after, "somehow I am so glad *you* were my first *real* friend in America. Mr. Howland looks kind, but I'm glad we began to do better by ourselves."

Mr. King only smiled at his earnestness, and pointed out a mistake in the long columns of figures he was casting up. He understood, never-

theless, the spirit of gratitude to him, and the natural independence of feeling Arthur had expressed. Two very good qualities to commence the world with.

I am afraid it was not the only mistake Arthur made that day. The figures grew strangely confused whenever he thought of Mr. Howland's return. But Mr. King was very lenient.

For the first time in his many visits to the large warehouse of Howland & Co., Arthur entered it with a cheerful heart. He did not see his first acquaintance, the boy with the bright vest, and Mr. Howland remembered him directly, and gave him the letter from Mr. Grigg, addressed to his mother. One must be in a foreign land to know the great pleasure a letter with the home post mark gives; it is scarcely less than meeting with the face of a friend, and Arthur knew how long and anxiously his mother had expected this.

"And now," said Mr. Howland, "what can I do for you? Mr. Grigg has done me many a service, and I shall be glad to repay one of them. Besides,"—and here Mr. Howland hesitated, and his voice faltered a very little, as he looked at the boy before him. Arthur might not have noticed it but for what Mr. King had told him.

"Besides," continued Mr. Howland, "Mr. Grigg especially recommends *you* to my care, and I've taken a fancy to like you. Suppose I send away this lad, your young enemy that has made us all this trouble, and give you his place, and his two hundred dollars a year! If he can be unfaithful in one thing, it's natural to suppose he can be in others, and dishonesty won't do in an establishment like this."

That was reasonable, certainly; besides the hundred dollars a year more than he was now getting would be a great assistance. And then what a chance for a triumph over a boy who certainly *had* used him very ill. Arthur looked thoughtful, and Mr. Howland watched him closely.

Then he was under an engagement until the first of May with Mr. Van Dyke, and it would not do to forfeit his word. But Mr. Van Dyke might find some one else that would do as well, and he could still see Mr. King every day. It was a pretty hard matter for a boy just fifteen to decide.

"I should like to come to you, sir, very much," he said, after a moment, "but I shouldn't like to break an engagement, and besides, I don't think

the boy *meant* to be unkind or dishonest. He looked more careless than any thing else. I'm sure he will do better if you will forgive him."

"Well! upon my word!" answered Mr. Howland, as if he were displeased, or very much astonished. And then recollecting himself, he went to the door and sent for the lad, whose name was Lawton. Arthur was afraid Mr. Howland was vexed at his refusal, for he did not speak until Lawton came in, looking very much crest-fallen and fearful when he recognized Arthur, for the matter had been inquired into that morning.

"Did you receive a letter and message from him," Mr. Howland asked, pointing to Arthur, "two months since?"

"Yes, sir," the boy said, in a low, hesitating voice.

"And why did I never get them?"

"Why I forgot the letter, sir, and it was lost. I meant to have sent it—I really did—and then I did not dare to send the message." He fully expected dismissal, for Mr. Howland, who had been so kind to Arthur, looked very stern now.

"You have at least had the grace to tell me the truth," said his employer, "and I forgive you

this first offence. But let me tell you, that I offered your place to this young gentleman, to whom you have done a great wrong, and been far from civil, too, I understand, and he not only refused to take it, but asked me to forgive you. I don't believe you, or any of your fellows, would have done that; but take care how you neglect your business again."

The boy turned a quick, surprised, and then a grateful look on Arthur, that amply repaid him for all previous ill-nature, as Mr. Howland dismissed him.

"Is there nothing I can do for you, then," he said, "but call myself your friend? Your mother must have scholars, and a plenty of them, and come out of that disagreeable neighborhood. I wish that brother George of yours was old enough to do any thing. The first of May! Well, I must have you after that, at any rate. I wish you knew any thing of book-keeping."

"But I do, sir," Arthur answered eagerly, "that is, I have commenced to study it with Mr. King, and he says I will do very well after a while. I believe people learn faster when they have something to work for, don't you, sir?"

"Yes, indeed, my little fellow, and that's the very thing. Well, then, consider that you enter my service on the first of May next; and tell your mother-I shall drop in there to-morrow and get her consent. Don't let Lawton bite you as you go through the warehouse. Suppose I see you safe out."

"Oh, no, sir!" Arthur answered, smiling, "I'm not in the least afraid;" nor had he any reason to be, for Lawton was waiting to thank him, as humbly and gratefully as one could wish. *More* so than Arthur liked, for it made him feel uncomfortable; he did not wish to be thanked for doing right.

He walked homeward with a light heart, Mr. Grigg's letter in his pocket; and the children thought Arthur and mamma sat up very late that evening. It is true they did, for they had a great deal to talk over, and Mrs. Greville entirely approved all Arthur had done. *A boy's mother is his best friend and confidant*, and Arthur knew this, and was always sure of sympathy and advice.

Mrs. Greville had her strange news as well as Arthur. She had been to visit Mrs. Rand

that morning, and as she was telling her the story of their first disappointment, and Arthur's call at Mr. Gregory's, Mrs. Rand's eyes filled with tears, as she looked down at her black dress, and said, "He was my father!"

Then they were better friends than ever, and Mrs. Rand told Mrs. Greville about her early life; that her mother had died when she was a little child, and her father had been every thing to her. He was a lawyer, and very wealthy, and though Dr. Rand had loved her a long time, he had not dared to tell her so, because he was poor. But when Mr. Gregory came to know it, he said that should make no difference since Lucy had enough for both of them.

So they were very happy until Mr. Gregory died so suddenly, while Mrs. Rand was at his country-house, and she did not get to town until the day of the funeral. And then she found nurse; and now to think all should come around so, for she was sure her father would have done any thing for them, and it would be such a pleasure to her to fulfil his wishes.

Mrs. Greville was very happy at this discovery, for she now had a claim, as it were, upon the kind-

ness of the Doctor and his wife. It was not simply an unfortunate stranger they were befriending, though many were the sick and the afflicted these truly benevolent and charitable people relieved without any other claim upon their attention.

"And mamma," said Arthur, "don't you think we care more for them, and love them better than we should have done if we had known them first? I'm sure I think so."

Mrs. Greville agreed with him; and there were not two more thankful hearts in all New-York that night than theirs.

Mrs. Rand, who was now established in Le Roy Place, proposed that Mrs. Greville should give up her rooms at once, and move into a more convenient house, and agreeable neighborhood. She would willingly have paid any expenses thus incurred from her own purse, but Mrs. Greville was not willing to do this. She did not wish to be under such obligations if she could help it, and Dr. Rand thought she was right; besides, at present, she could not afford servants, or the furniture that would be necessary. So it was a very frugal and industrious winter with the whole fam-

ily, and a very hard one too, in spite of their pleasant prospects.

The weather was intensely cold; the children had not entirely recovered, and needed constant care and attention. Mrs. Greville had never been accustomed to the least exposure, and felt the storms severely. Many a day that she would not once have thought of venturing from her dressing-room, she was up at dawn, preparing Arthur's early breakfast, dressing the children, and as soon as her household tasks were performed, walking square after square in cold, misty rain, or driving snow, to her pupils. As is usual in large cities, they lived at great distances apart, and "strength and heart" often "failed" her before the day's weary round was through. Very rarely did she avail herself of the convenient omnibuses, for even the small fare of six cents had become a consideration to her. She long remembered one dreary evening, when she had walked miles through the mud and snow of a recent thaw, pausing on the sidewalk near Stewart's to decide whether to plod the weary distance on foot, or signal one of the comfortable-looking omnibuses. Unpleasant as the weather had been, Broadway

was thronged with people—gentlemen returning home, ladies who had come down to meet their husbands or to shop, and belles that could not resist the temptation of displaying a pretty face and new bonnet, in defiance of the gusty day. The tide set upwards, all seeming unusually gay and careless, as they passed the solitary woman. There is no loneliness like that of a crowd, especially in a strange city, where every face is strange ; and this to one accustomed for years to every care and attention. Mrs. Greville felt it as the twilight deepened, and the lights shone out upon the wet sidewalks from Stewart's now almost deserted saloons. A few carriages, the panels and the horses splashed with mud, were drawn up still before the doors, and a bitter thought for a moment crossed her mind with the recollection that an equipage far more elegant than any of these had recently been hers, and the enormous sums she had wasted at London shops—the half of which would now seem a fortune to her. Yet here she stood—alone—shivering with exposure, yet scarcely able to afford a paltry seat in a public conveyance !

It was no wonder the bitter thought flashed

through her mind ; but she cast it out as unthankful, and the next moment Arthur's cheerful voice was heard, as he exclaimed, " Why, mamma ! how late you are ! It's well I met you."

The momentary pang was forgotten for the time, and as Mr. King had just given Arthur a ticket for a Sixth Avenue stage, they were soon seated in one, and driving along as comfortably almost as if they had been in their own carriage. I have no doubt Mrs. Greville really enjoyed it more than many a roll in her costly equipage, alone in its silken cushions, with her coachman and footman in their elegant liveries, at her sole command. Arthur had something very pleasant to say, as they rumbled along. He had been talking about leaving Mr. Van Dyke to Mr. King that afternoon, and Mr. King said, as Arthur had done so much more than was required of him, he had no doubt that George, now thirteen years old, could do all that was really necessary, if he chose.

" I don't know but his grand ideas of being a gentleman artist will interfere a little," Mr. King said pleasantly, " and then there is the question as to whether, in justice to him, he ought not to be sent to school for a year or two. But you

English lads are pushed forward so fast that two years of mercantile life might still give him time for study, if he chooses a profession. He has already commenced Latin, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, two years before they left England," Arthur said. "They had a private tutor then, but were to be sent to Eaton, if Captain Greville had not died." Arthur himself was an excellent Latin scholar, and could write and speak French tolerably well. This would be a great assistance at Mr. Howland's, as there was such a large foreign correspondence carried on.

But George was to choose for himself, and when consulted was very glad to say "yes." He had grown wiser by Mr. Peale's advice and Arthur's example. Besides, he thought being in a counting-house was rather more honorable employment than playing nurse to his little brother and sister, which had been his principal occupation through the winter. To do him justice, adversity had improved Master George, as well as Arthur, and though naturally much more selfish and indolent, he began to wish to be of use to his mother, and help, at least, to maintain himself. So George was to commence learning his duties

forthwith, to be ready to take Arthur's place ; and his salary could be added to their small and carefully saved income.

George could not help talking to Mr. Jenks about it, when he went up to tell him the men in the market wanted two dozen more baskets "at once"—and Mr. Jenks, now cheerful and industrious, told his wife, "them children was perfect wonders, and Miss Greville deserved every bit of her good luck ; she never took no airs on herself." And yet Mrs. Greville had once been called very haughty by her fashionable acquaintances.



CHAPTER XII.

THE NEW HOUSE.

ALL this toil and self-denial had its reward. As the spring came on Mrs. Greville found she could afford to move into a quieter neighborhood, and have a house to herself. Looking for this house was one of the greatest pleasures she had ever known. It made her think of the days in which Captain Greville and herself had planned their elegant villa at Bath. An architect was sent for from London to consult with them, plan after plan was drawn, discussed, and given up. The dining-room—the library—the conservatory—had each their separate decorations, and some of the furniture came even from Paris, all the rest being ordered expressly for them in London. It had been the amusement of more than a year.

and yet when it was all finished, they had soon ceased to take any pleasure in what had been gathered at so much pains and expense, and to make changes, that in their turn were altered.

Very different was the house they looked for now, Arthur spending two holidays granted for the express purpose, in going over those his mother had looked at first. Arthur was consulted in every thing now. The children, even George, minded Arthur's wishes and advice as if he had been their papa. Nurse too joined in the quest, for Doctor Rand was very much interested, and never saw a house to let in what he thought would be a pleasant situation, without sending them word. So by the middle of April one was taken not far from Mr. King's, and the furnishing commenced, with Mrs. Rand's assistance and advice, for she knew all the best shops, and what was suited to a small family far better than Mrs. Greville did.

The pleasantest part of all was, that nurse was to come back and superintend it for them, Mrs. Greville's time now being so fully occupied that it would be more economical for her to pay really good servants ; and who so good and kind

as Nurse Long. Mrs. Rand was very sorry to part with her, but she did so cheerfully, for she saw what a comfort and relief it would be to Mrs. Greville, who would have no household care. Ella and Theo. could scarcely wait for the time to come. It even eclipsed the delight of an invitation from Mrs. Rand to pass July with her in the country, with dear little Carrie for a plaything, and green fields and woods from which they had been so long shut out, to their hearts' content. Moving-day seemed got up for their especial benefit, to the children. They had been taken over the new house once, and shown the little room which was to be Arthur's own, and the larger one for George and Theo., and mamma's pleasant chamber in the second story, with such a delightful closet by the side of the mantel-piece for Ella's doll-house, and a window on the landing where plants were to be kept! And now they were going to take possession,—for the famous first of May had come, when all the city of New-York seems to be moving, and the streets are full of loaded drays, creaking beneath a burden of household goods and chattels. It rained of course—it always does on moving-day, but that made it all the merrier for the chil-

dren. They imagined themselves of immense help to nurse, by doing up and bringing forward parcels of their own playthings and books, which had to be packed again into less space, and often in the depths of trunks and baskets, instead of going openly and honorably in a load by themselves. They undertook to receive and entertain the drayman politely, and were quite displeased at the haste and abruptness of that all-important functionary; and finally, they were themselves conveyed away in care of Amy Jenks to the new house, after bidding Mr. Jenks and little Charlie good-bye five several times in the course of the morning. The empty rooms of the new house were so delightful! and when the ordered furniture began to arrive, they were quite beside themselves to find they were to have a *real* parlor and dining-room, not eating in the kitchen any longer. Somehow they had supposed, up to this time, that the first floor belonged to some other family, and they had even speculated as to whether there would be any little girls and boys or not. The grandeur quite overpowered them—and they actually neither ran out in the rain to receive the drayman, nor walked with their soiled shoes over •

the clean beds and bed-furniture deposited in the middle of the chamber floor, for ten minutes !

Nurse and Mrs. Jenks undertook all that was necessary, so Mrs. Greville was spared the worst discomforts of moving. Arthur and George had both entered on their new duties that morning, so it was an important day to all of them. Thanks to Mr. Howland and the Rands, Mrs. Greville now taught in several wealthy and fashionable families, where they could afford the high price which her services were really worth, for as we have said, she had been distinguished from a child for her musical talent, and always had been taught by the best masters. In several of these families she made very pleasant acquaintances, and was every where respected for her gentle and ladylike manners.

It was Monday morning, as well as the first day of the month, and after the day of rest which she had now learned to prize, Mrs. Greville commenced her week's labors with cheerful resolution. Teaching had even become a pleasure to her, with all its trials of stupid scholars, and sometimes ignorant and ill-bred parents. She began to feel proud of her more industrious

pupils and take a real satisfaction in their advancement, and she often wondered at her own patience with the dull and obstinate. Every player knows how tiresome it must be to go over the same simple passage twenty times with a careless or impatient pupil, and hear the very same mistakes made in each repetition! I fancy some of my little cousins forget this in their impatience of bars and rests, thus teasing kind though wearied teachers! Mrs. Greville thought of some of her own early misdemeanors, as she sat waiting for a pupil in a tastefully furnished parlor. She was detained longer than usual, but forgot it, when by chance she saw the familiar title of an English newspaper upon the centre-table. It was one Captain Greville had always read, and the very advertisements looked so natural! Every thing was going on the same! The London season—fashionable parties—the names of many of her acquaintances reported among them, as her own once had been. But she stopped suddenly—and her heart gave a little bound, for she saw the name of Greville in a far different list. She read the paragraph over and over again, as if she could not understand it. But it was quite plain and true.

"Died, April 5th, at his residence, Greville Park, near Bath, Edward Greville, Esq., late M. P. for the county."

Then came something about his disconsolate widow, and the pomp of his funeral, and how he had always been "an ornament to his country, a distinguished philanthropist, and an ardent friend!" "It was hinted," the paper said, "that his *princely* fortune—apart from a liberal jointure to his wife,—had been left to various benevolent and charitable institutions, to which he had long been a distinguished patron."

Mrs. Greville could scarcely go on with her lesson. There was some natural regret for the brother of her husband, but his sudden and unforgiving death seemed terrible. It was not that the fortune to which her children had the best claim was left to others, for Mrs. Greville never was selfish or grasping. She could not banish it from her mind through the morning, and when the lessons were at last finished, she turned towards her new home with a heavier heart than she had expected to bring to it.

Nurse had been very busy, but there was still a great deal to do to get things in some order before the boys should come, and the first meal eaten in the new dining-room. The neat carpet was already put down there, the chairs arranged, and on the side-table stood the new china tea and dinner set, which Mrs. Rand had ordered unknown to them, as her token of good-will. The pretty shapes delighted Mrs. Greville, and the simplicity of color suited the plainness of their household. In the days of her prosperity, Mrs. Greville had received many a more costly gift with not half the pleasure; the thoughtful kindness this expressed made it the more welcome.

Arthur's room was next taken into consideration. Mrs. Greville put up the white curtain herself, and nurse made up the bed neatly. His books were unpacked, and laid upon the little table that matched the low maple bedstead so nicely; and a framed engraving Mr. King had given him hung over it. Arthur had not been forgetful of his mother while she was thinking of him, as was proved before nightfall, by the arrival of two pots of mignonette and some beautiful rose-trees for the hall window, where he intended to

place a shelf, that they might catch all the sunshine. Flowers are after all the most beautiful, as well as the cheapest ornaments of a home; they have a constant interest and variety, apart from their loveliness, which can never be given by the most exquisite vase, or rarest Bohemian goblet.

With two such active helpers as Nurse and Mrs. Jenks, something like order was gained before Arthur followed his floral treasures. Mrs. Greville resolved not to tell him of his uncle's death that night, he seemed so beside himself with enjoyment; running over the house, as the children had done all day, finding places for things, and altering them a dozen times before he could decide how they looked to the best advantage. George was quite as much interested, though he was very tired with his first day's clerkship, and both seemed to think eating a great waste of time when the *new* bell rang for a late supper. But after admiring Mrs. Rand's present, Arthur found time to tell his mother that neither his duties nor his salary had yet been decided; Mr. Howland, who had been very kind, telling him to look around and make him-

self familiar with the premises, and they would talk it over next day.

“And oh, mamma!” said Arthur—taking a third roll, for he found he *was* hungry after all,—“such a very funny thing happened just as I was coming up! The Asia got in this morning early—the steamer—made a great trip, Mr. Howland says,—and just as I was going to leave the store a man brought in a letter for me. He thought it was, and *I* thought it was at first, for it was directed to Mr. Arthur Greville, *our* number, but when I opened it there was a bill of lading for two boxes and one package, from Liverpool; wasn’t it odd? I wish it had been us—but I told the man it was a mistake, for we did not expect any thing, and then we looked in the directory and found ‘A. Greville, merchant,’—higher up the street. Just think of somebody by my name—I never knew it before! It’s well I was honest, isn’t it, mamma?”

“Very well for the gentleman, Arthur—and now if you have finished, we will inspect the parlor arrangements; we have waited for you and George. Nothing is done but the carpet, and the furniture is set in.”

So they all adjourned to the parlor, where the gas was lighted—for the comforts of the new house included gas and a bath-room—that they might see the carpet to the best advantage. Arthur pronounced it “a regular beauty,” and said it looked just like his mother’s taste. It was plain ingrain, little nicer than that on the dining-room, but after a winter of carpetless floors, Arthur did not give a thought to the glowing Axminster that had been in their drawing-room at home. The chairs were as plain, and the stuffed lounge was to have only a chintz cover—there was none now, and it looked ungraceful enough. A round-table, and some pretty book-shelves, was all the rest of the furniture. Arthur could not satisfy himself with the parlor. He had imagined it all along as looking like Mr. King’s, and arrange the furniture as he would, there was still an unfinished, *stiff* air, that troubled him exceedingly.

“I’ll tell you what it is, mamma, there ought to be a piano here, right opposite the mantel-piece, and then you could put the lounge between the windows, and the four chairs wouldn’t look so stiff. Oh, if you only had a piano, mamma, what a comfort it would be ; and I heard you say

you needed practice. Don't you think we could afford one?"

"Not this year, Arthur, for there is table linen, and the silver spoons we must have, you know, and a great many other things we shall find as we go along."

"But wouldn't it be *economy*, mamma—think of that once; your scholars could come to you, some of them, and save you a great deal of trouble," urged Arthur, whose heart was bent on the piano.

Still Mrs. Greville shook her head, and told him the room would look a great deal more cheerful when there was a pretty cloth on the round-table, and a cover on the lounge. She commissioned him to purchase a shade for the gas-light the next day, for Dr. and Mrs. Rand were to pass the next evening with them, by way of celebrating their removal. Arthur begged to invite Mr. King and his sisters, that it might be pleasanter still, and then the children cried out they were going to have a party, which made Mrs. Greville smile, for the little parlor was not nearly as large as her own dressing-room had been.

They were all tired enough to sleep soundly

that night, you may be sure, in spite of Arthur's disappointment, and the anticipation of a delightful evening.

The house presented quite an appearance of comfort when the important evening came; although there was much, of course, that could not be done in a day. The matting was down in the chambers—the oil-cloth and stair-carpet, with its bright rods, gave the hall quite an air. Mrs. Greville had just put on a pure white collar and cap, and came down talking to Ella, who followed in clean pantalettes and pinafore, delighted with the idea of sitting up to tea, just as Arthur burst open the hall-door in a most unceremonious manner. He threw his cap the whole length of the hall, to the great danger of putting out the gas, and snatching up Ella, waltzed her up to the stairs, at the risk of her arms.

Mrs. Greville looked on in astonishment at this outburst from the usually quiet boy, but as he caught sight of her he called out—

“It *was* me after all—and here's a letter from Mr. Grigg that tells all about it, and I've hurried the men up, so they will be here in time for to-night—and Mr. Howland's going to make me one

of the assistant book-keepers, and give me five hundred dollars a year—after six months' trial—five hundred dollars, mamma—*five hundred !*”

If it had been so many millions Arthur could not have been more excited, or his mother more astonished. She saw at once the generosity of Mr. Howland, and the real interest he had taken in Arthur's success ; but what was coming—who was coming, the Kings ?”

Oh, that was not what he meant—*that* he had taken for granted—but the packages from Liverpool. The man had been there again that morning, and said Mr. *Andrew* Greville did not expect any boxes either, and while he was there the steamer's mail came in with a letter from Mr. Grigg to Mr. Howland, inclosing one for Mrs. Greville, and Mr. Grigg said in it he hoped the boxes would come safely. So Arthur had seen them, and one looked very much as if it contained a piano, and the other he was certain, from the shape, was his mamma's harp ; and there was a great package besides. But there was the letter—*that* would tell all about it, and Mrs. Greville opened it eagerly, almost fearing the good news could not prove true.

"DEAR MADAM :—(For we are sure our little cousins would like to hear from Mr. Grigg again, and so take the liberty, with Mrs. Greville's permission, of reading the letter aloud.)

"Write to inform you that I have this day shipped two boxes and one package to the address of your son Arthur, per steamer Asia, from Liverpool. Said boxes to contain one piano, one harp, package of music, etc., etc.; the last two purchased by me at sale, Waterloo Terrace, May 27th; but find neither Mrs. G. nor myself have use for said articles. The grand piano—rather too large for small tenements—have taken the liberty to exchange for one same maker—Erard, Paris square. Beg leave to inclose check for the difference. Trust to find you still flourishing.

"Mrs. G. sends compliments—hope to see you all some day in America. Faithfully,

"J. GRIGG."

There was a postscript confirming Mr. Edward Greville's death, and the disposal of his property. Their names had not even been mentioned in the will. It was the first Arthur had heard of his uncle's death, and it sobered him in an instant,

though he could not be sad with so much good news. Neither of them gave a thought of regret to the fortune they might reasonably have expected; but though Arthur had little cause to love his uncle, his mother had never allowed him to cherish an unkind feeling towards him, and he had even thought of writing to tell him how prosperous they were, and of the new friends they had made. Now that he was gone, there was no triumph in thinking he had not been allowed to enjoy the wealth he had heaped so penuriously, and hoarded for his own selfish pleasure.

But it was not an evening to indulge sad thoughts. George and Mr. King and his sisters came, and the draymen, who had not forgotten their promise to Arthur, arrived with their precious load about the same time. And there were so many exclamations, and such a bustle, and hurry, and confusion in the hall; and it was well Mr. King was there, for he knew just what ought to be done. He directed the men, and helped himself, and worked with so much zeal that the piano was set up, and the harp (Mrs. Greville's own, and she could almost have kissed it as it came from its wrappings, looking so much like her own

home, and bringing so many half sad half pleasant recollections).

Thoughtful Mr. Grigg had sent a dozen bound volumes of music, which had probably gone with the piano at the sale, and some that were quite new, which he could never have chosen himself, for he knew no more about music—perhaps not half so much—as the draymen themselves. And last of all, out came their two pictures, George and Arthur had pleaded so hard for, two lovely landscapes, by a very distinguished artist. Mr. Grigg must have bought in these as well; “and it was so considerate in him to wait until he knew we were going to move,” said Mrs. Greville, who could scarcely speak without faltering for pleasure.

“And it was so fortunate they came just to-night,” added Alice King; “and do let’s have the piano opened. Only think of an Erard, the best maker in the world; I never have heard but one.”

They all stood talking in the hall—Mr. King and Arthur with the pictures under the gas light, and the young ladies with their bonnets still in their hands, when Doctor and Mrs. Rand arrived. No wonder they exclaimed, “Why, what’s all this?” for there were the boxes, and the straw, and wrap-

ping papers, strewing the oil-cloth, and every one looked so interested and excited; even nurse and Amy Jenks, who were trying vainly to produce some kind of order.

With the centre-table and lounge covered, the pictures brightening the walls, the harp, and the open piano, Arthur thought the parlor could not be improved, and Mrs. Rand said so too, except by some vases which she had brought—though Mrs. Howland, whom she knew very well, had sent them to Mrs. Greville; and a huge basket of niceties that came after them, proved that Mr. Howland had not forgotten their little company either, though his wife was not well enough to join it. Mr. King was told of Mr. Howland's liberal proposal to Arthur, and thought, though he did not say so, it would be no great wonder if Mr. Howland adopted Arthur, some day, and gave him the place in his business which had been intended for his son.

But no such brilliant prospects dazzled our young hero, who was so happy without them, that he made sad work when he attempted to help nurse pass the tea, and was compelled to give up and be helped himself by Mr. King, who did the

honors instead. And Mr. Peale, George's friend, came in just at the right time, to the satisfaction and surprise of every body but Miss Alice King and her brother, who knew what the rest learned not long after, that Miss Alice was soon to become Mrs. Peale. George was delighted with his opinion of the pictures, and still more with Mr. Peale's offer of instruction in oil painting, and the use of his models whenever he had time for it. George had been a decided favorite with Mr. Peale all winter, and consequently with Miss Alice.

The piano was found to be in perfect tune, although the harp could only be looked at and admired, as several strings were broken; and Mr. King, who seemed to make the most of every thing, suggested that good instruction on the harp was so rare, that now Mrs. Greville might safely consider her fortune made, or, at least, a comfortable income secured, which amounted to the same thing. Mrs. Greville played delightfully, and then Miss Alice tried the instrument, and accompanied Mr. Peale in a song. The little concert was as pleasant as it was unexpected, and Dr. Rand said he believed he had not had time to enjoy so much music before since he was married.

Afterwards Arthur slipped out to see Mrs. Jenks, who was just going home to her husband, to send some cakes to little Charlie. He had to stay and be thanked for a promise he had given to hear Amy's lessons every evening, so that she would not lose her school after all, and for teaching her husband basket-making. Mr. Jenks was now almost supporting his family, and though he never could be well, he was cheerful once more, and his poor wife's cares were greatly lightened.

When he came back to the parlor, he found Ella on her old seat, the Doctor's knee, and Theo. making acquaintance with a seal ring Mr. Peale always wore. All the company had begged the children might stay up a little longer. Mrs. Greville was watching them quietly, but Arthur thought he had never seen her look happier. He joined Mr. King and Emily, who were looking over the music-books, and they had a long, pleasant talk, such as Arthur liked best of every thing.

"But, Mr. King, will you tell me one thing," Arthur said, just as his friend was turning away to speak to pretty Mrs. Rand; "when we were at sea, you recollect—and we were talking about Mr. Wiley—he was in the store to-day, grum-

bling just the same as ever, and that put me in mind of it,) don't you remember you said you would not change your riches for his? And I thought you must be very rich indeed, for you knew so much about books, and paintings, and had travelled—"

"And when you came to find out I was only Mr. Van Dyke's book-keeper, with fifteen hundred a year, you thought I had been boasting, is that it?"

"No," said Arthur confused, but very much in earnest, "only it seemed strange, you see, and I thought—"

"That Mr. Wiley was best off? But I won't tease you, my dear boy, I understand what you mean. I had travelled, because Mr. Van Dyke wished some one to go on business, and I was glad of the opportunity. I always liked books, and music, and pictures, and indulged myself in that way with my sisters, rather than throw away my money as so many young men do. I think a man may have cultivated tastes, and yet be just as good a merchant, as Mr. Peale does. Don't you think such resources are riches in themselves? But that was not all I meant. I leave you to

guess the rest. Perhaps Miss Em can help you."

Mr. King smiled, and moved away from the centre-table. Arthur's own Bible, long ago a birthday gift from his mother, was lying there. It had been brought down to show Mrs. Rand the curious golden clasp. Miss Emily took it up and said, "I think I can show you what brother Arthur means. He has two favorite texts—here is one—

*And having food and raiment, let us there-
with be content.*

And here is the other above it—

Godliness, with contentment, is great gain.
I like brother's kind of riches, don't you, Arthur?"

As Arthur and Emily were most excellent friends, of course he agreed with her; and then he remembered Mr. King's proverb that he had told him the day they talked of Mr. Wiley:

Contentment is better than wealth.

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